LUCKY I BROUGHT THIS COAT

THE WEATHER.

For Boston and vicinity: Rain to-night; Wednesday fair; brisk to high northeast winds.

High water: 11:19 a. m., 11:45 p. m.

HEARST'S
BOSTON AMERICAN
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEWSPAPER
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DEAD IN BROCKTON HORROR ESTIMATED AT 81, MANY BODIES BURNED TO ASHES

MISS MAMIE O'CONNELL, WHO IS AMONG THE DEAD.

Miss Mammie O'Connell and Mrs. Emma Tolman, two young women employed in the sole leather room, were found clasped in each other's arms, a death embrace. They had been listed among the missing. But to-day their bodies were identified by Mrs. Tolman's mother.

At Least Score of Victims, It Is Believed, Most of Them Women, Were Entirely Cremated---Twelve Identified Bodies Taken From Ruins, Unidentified Dead and Missing Number Sixty-nine.

Special to the Boston American.

BROCKTON, March 21.—Twelve identified bodies have been taken from the ruins of the wrecked R. B. Grover & Co. factory here.

Sixty-nine persons are reported missing, these including the unidentified dead. The identified dead and the missing, twelve and sixty-nine, give a total of eighty-one, which is now officially believed to be the total death list in the explosion and fire. Fifty-five bodies have been recovered.

The total of eighty-one in the death list may be changed by the reporting as safe of some of the persons in the list of missing, but eighty-one is the conservative estimate of the number of dead.

Many Burned to Ashes.

Thousands of persons throng the temporary morgue at No. 1,007 Main street, where attempts are being made to identify the dead; other thousands remain around the scene of the disaster to, if possible, identify other bodies as they are taken out. For the moment the digging in the ruins has been stopped to permit workmen to remove the heavier debris, and then it will begin again.

Medical men on the scene have declared that it is highly probable that many of the dead will never be known and that all traces of their bodies have been lost in the fierce fire which raged after the explosion.

The last body recovered to-day was that of Granville Hartwell, who was identified by his brother when the charred body was lifted out. The identification was made by means of a key and of a peculiar physical mark. Another body, that of a woman burned beyond recognition, was also taken out to-day. It was found near the smokestack.

Effort to Fix Blame.

Now every effort is being made by the city and State authorities to fix the blame for the disaster. The boiler which burst was last inspected on December 28, 1904. Since the explosion it has been found that there was a crack in the boiler beneath the over-lapping seam of steel. Experts declare that the inspectors of boilers could not have found this in any way.

City Marshal Boyden and others directly associated with him in the investigation declare the xplosion was due to a corroded and worn-out angle bar, used as a brace inside the boiler. The police are proceeding along these lines.

This angle bar, naturally three inches wide, was found after the explosion to be only about an inch wide. This was due to its having been worn.

All flags in the city are at half-mast. The cellar of the factory has been emptied of the water and City Marshal Boyden had barred from the enclosure about the ruins all those who are not at work or are otherwise entile dto admission. This is done to keep out the morbid and souvenir hunters, who have thronged to Brockton from nearby cities since the disaster.

The angle bar which, City Marshal Boyden and expert engineers declare, might have been the cause of the disaster is a bar about three feet long, either round or about three inches wide and five-eighths of an inch thick, which is connected with the boiler head and rear to the top and bottom.

BODIES TOTALLY OBLITERATED.

The search for the dead bodies was continued all night, and ended to-day for a time at 5 o'clock. It was renewed at 7 o'clock, and will go on steadily under the direction of Mayor Keith and his subordinates until the ruins have been all gone over. Medical experts say that in the fierce fire it is perfectly possible that many of the bodies were entirely destroyed and that no trace of them will ever be found.

It is probable that the unidentified dead will be buried after a public funeral. Mayor Keith has called a meeting of the ministers of Brockton for this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and at this consultation plans for the interment of the dead will be made.

SAW HUSBAND'S REMAINS.

One of the most pitiful scenes of the work of rescue was when the body of David Rockwell, the engineer, was found. With anxious and tear-dimmed eyes his widow, who lives within a few feet of the scene of the disaster, was leaning from her window, with her baby in her arms, overlooking the work of rescue when the body of the engineer was discovered. The rescuers tried to conceal the grisly sight from the widow, but her eyes were too quick and she sank back into her room with a scream of agony.

There will be a special meeting of the Aldermen and Council to-night, called by order of Mayor Keith, at which steps for the relief of the suffering and plans for the public funeral will be discussed. It is probable that a substantial appropriation will be made to cover all necessary expenses in connection, not only with the immediate needs of the disaster, but to probe the matter and fix the blame.

DOUGLAS TO PRESIDE.

On Thursday night there will be a mass meeting of citizens, at which Governor Douglas has been asked to preside. At that meeting resolutions looking toward the relief of suffering consequent upon the disaster will be passed. If necessary then, too, a public subscription will be taken to provide all necessary funds. Already one check for $1,000 has been received by the Mayor to be applied to the work. This is from the United Shoe Machine Company, of South Beverly.

Relief committees from the various secret and labor organizations of Brockton are now doing effective work and have joined hands with the city and State authorities to carry on the work.

Details of Brockton horror on inside pages.

Points About Boiler That Caused Disaster

Last Inspected December 28, 1904.

May have been cracked for many months at that time.

Impossible to discover the defect, experts assert, because it was in the steel under the lap-over.

Experts say hundreds of other boilers may be in the same condition, and inspection will not reveal it.

One of the steel angle bars, used as a brace, had been corroded and weakened. The breaking of this bar may have caused the disaster.

Copy of report which declared the boiler safe was in possession of Engineer Rockwell.

Boiler was about twelve years old.

There had been no fire under it this Winter.

Engineer Rockwell started the fire yesterday to allow new boiler to cool, so that new gates might be put in.

TRIBUTE OF THOUSANDS TO GEN. HAWLEY

HARTFORD, Ct., March 21.—With every tribute that military and civic authority can pay the distinguished dead, the funeral of former United States Senator Joseph R. Hawley takes place at the State Capitol and the Asylum Hill Congregational Church this afternoon with imposing ceremonies.

The public exercises are of a more elaborate nature than any like ceremonies within the history of the State.

The body of the dead Senator, statesman and patriot lay in state in the rotunda of the capitol from 9 to 1 o'clock, and nothwithstanding the disagreeable weather, a cold heavy rain falling throughout the forenoon, the body was again viewed by thousands of people including many G. A. R. veterans who came from distant parts of the State.

The rotunda, shrouded in mourning, with a canopy of American flags, the old Seventh Regiment battle bag fastened to the head of the casket, which was half covered with American Beauty roses, presented a spectacle of awe and reverence. A detail from Compaay F, First Infantry, formed a guard of honor, and the crowds passed on either side of the casket to gaze for the last time on the features of the dead soldier.

The funeral procession forms at the south side of the capitol at 1:30 and proceeds to the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. The line includes Colonel Schulze and staff and all of the companies in the First Infantry, C. N. G.; the Grand Army, State officials, First Company Governor's Horse Guard, Putnam Phalanx, First Company Governor's Foot Guard, ex-State officers, members of the judiciary and Legislature, delegations from societies, and civilians. During the hour of the funeral there is an entire suspension of business in the city.

SEVERAL BODIES BURNED TO ASHES

By Clement L. Pollock.

BROCKTON, March 21.—With the discovery of the remnants of the body of Engineer Rockwell in the ruins of the R. B. Grover & Co. shoe factory, to-day, which made the total of bodies recovered from the black mass of wreckage fifty-five, Medical Examiner A. E. Paine believes that the search is almost over.

To a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter he said that after a consultation with the police and firemen he did not believe that more than sixty bodies would be recovered. The searchers in the ruins have dug through the debris of that section in which was the heaviest loss of life. They will go through it again. It is believed that some bodies, how many it cannot be told yet, were burned to ashes.

"We expect to be able to make a closer estimate to-day when the safe is opened and we get at the pay rolls of the firm. Then for the first time we will know the exact number of people who were in the factory when the explosion occurred.

An Element of Mystery.

"Some of the people who worked in that factory," continued Medical Examiner Paine, "were burned to ashes. It could not have been otherwise in a furnace of that character. Probably not a recognizable vestige of their bodies remain. As a result there will always remain some element of mystery about the actual death list.

The first shock of the horror has passed. To-day the residents of Brockton have a greater appreciation of the awfulness of the tragedy. The gray mist that hung over the busy city to-day was like a shroud of death. The faces of the people, their talk, their demeanor, proclaimed a community in the throes of grief.

In the other factories, the fortunate ones, the operatives worked at their machines with blanched faces and fear tugging at their hearts. The flaming bolt of death that shot through the Grover factory where such an impending disaster was farthest from the thoughts of the happy operatives, was on every lip in every factory of Brockton. It happened once, they said; it might happen again.

Governor to Preside at Funeral.

Brockton has already taken measures to do all that can be done after such a calamity. The burial of the dead comes first. The funeral will be decided upon at a meeting of the ministers of this city to be held at 3 o'clock this afternoon. This meeting has been called by Mayor Keith. It will be participated in by all the clergy of the city. Because of the fact that many of the bodies were so badly burned that identification will be impossible, the funeral will be a public one. It will probably be held on Thursday afternoon at City Theatre. Governor Dougas will preside.

This funeral, attended as it will be by the relatives of their dear ones who suddenly met an awful death in the factory fire, will be the most pathetic incident of the appalling disaster. Just what part the city will take officially, either in relief measures or probing the cause of the explosion, will be decided upon at the meeting of the Common Council at City Hall.

12 MINERS KILLED.

BUDAPESTH, March 21.—An explosion of fire damp has occurred in the Drenkova Coal Mine. The casualties reported are twelve killed and four seriously wounded, while twelve more are missing.

FAIRBANKS LOSES FIGHT AGAINST NEW

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Vice-President Fairbanks's campaign against Harry S. New, of Indiana, for head of the Republican National Committee, failed. Chairman Cortelyou has appointed Mr. New chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Cortelyou resigns as chairman to-day. This will leave Mr. New at the head of the committee until 1908.

BROCKTON PLANS PUBLIC FUNERAL FOR ITS UNKNOWN DEAD

So Many Bodies Will Never Be Identified That Citizens Consider This the Only Way to Properly Commit Them to the Grave.

BROCKTON, March 21.—Unidentified victims of the great disaster at the Grover factory probably will be given a public funeral. Mayor E. H. Keith has called a meeting of ministers of Brockton for 3 o'clock this afternoon, at a place to be specified later, at which arrangements will be made for this public funeral.

These bodies are now at the temporary morgue, No. 1,007 Main street, where thousands have gathered, and where relatives are searching for their dead.

So completely have the flames done their deadly work that the identification of the majority of the bodies recovered from the ruins has been given up as hopeless. Pitiful black masses are all that remain of what were men and women. Every shred of clothing has been destroyed, and sorrowing relatives and friends, after fruitless efforts to recognize their loved ones, mingle their tears and bow down together in their deep bereavement.

SERVICE IN CITY THEATRE.

If the idea of Mayor Keith is carried out, and it is considered the only solution of the sad problem confronting the city government, the funeral services will take place in the City Theatre, the largest auditorium in the city. The funeral cortege to Melrose Cemetery, where the interment will take place, will be the largest, the spectacle the saddest, that has ever passed through the city's streets.

The Shoe Council, composed of representatives of the various shoe trades unions, has already requested that a public meeting be called for Wednesday evening. To a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter Mayor Keith said:

"I shall defer action on the request of the Shoe Council until after the meeting of the city government to-night. At this meeting the city of Brockton will determine the manner in which the last tribute shall be paid to the unfortunate men and women who met their untimely death in this most awful calamity that has visited us.

"Ways and means will also be considered to relieve the living who by the disaster have been deprived of their every means of support. These matters will be placed in the hands of committees to co-operate with the citizens of the city in the purpose for which they will be appointed.

MUST FACE IT LIKE MEN.

"In the face of the sad fact that at least two score of victims of the fire have been burned beyond recognition, I am in favor of a public funeral service, to be held probably in the City Theatre or other large auditorium, where all the friends and relatives of lost loved ones may join together in paying a last tribute to their memory. This will be taken up also at the meeting to-night. If this course is decided upon, the interment will take place in Melrose Cemetery.

"A more sad affliction has not come upon the city of Brockton in its whole history. No community can help feeling cast in gloom when so many members of it are ruthlessly torn from our midst by the hand of death. But we must face it like men and women, and assist those who have suffered the loss of ones near and dear to bear their great bereavement."

List of Dead.

BODIES IDENTIFIED.

BARROWS MISS SERENA SHAW, No. 50 Glenwood avenue, Brockton.
COLE, ROY, Thayer and North Cary streets.
COPELAND, WALTER T., West Bridgewater.
CARLSON, EX-COUNCILMAN ERNEST T., Carleton avenue, Brockton.
DUNHAM, FLORENCE A., No. 53 Chestnut street, Brockton.
HALL, HARRY S., West Bridgewater.
HARTWELL, GRANVILLE, No. 601 Ash street, Brockton.
MAYO, JEROME A., corner Main and Market streets, Brockton.
PRAY, MRS. EMMA B., No. 9 Shepherdstreet, Brockton.
ROCKWELL, DAVID W., Denton street.
SMITH, GEORGE E., No. 976 Warren avenue, Brockton.
SNOW, STEPHEN 80 years, No. 120 Belmont street, Brockton.
O'CONNELL, MISS MARY, Cary street, twenty-four years old.
TOLMAN, MRS. EMMA, thirty-two years old, No. 26 Appleton street.
EMERSON, MRS. GEORGIE.

KNOWN TO HAVE PERISHED.

BUT BODIES NOT YET RECOVERED OR IDENTIFIED.

BELL, JAMES N.
BARRIE, CYNTHIA.
BURGESS, LINUS, No. 775 Main street.
BURGESS, GEORGE B.
CLARK, MRS. DORA, twenty-seven years, wife of Arthur Clark.
DAHLBORG, ALBIN, No. 670 Warren avenue.
EMERSON, FRANK.
FITZGERALD, MISS.
KELLEY, MRS. ELIJAH H.
LANGLEY, THOMAS.
LEARY, NELLIE.
LEARY, MARY.
LANDER, MRS. JOHN.
SPRIGGINS, RICHARD.
SMITH, PHILIP F.
SWANSON, LINUS.
TILEY, SAMUEL A.
TUFTS, MISS MARION.

INJURED.

ARNOLD, MISS BLANCHE.
BAKER, MRS. LUCY, 309 Coulton street.
BICKNELL, MRS. SAMUEL, Rutland street.
BURGESS, MRS. AUGUSTA, 91 Denton street.
BURTON, FRED.
BUCK, IDA, 464 Laureston street.
COUGHLIN, NORA, 11 Exchange street.
CHURCHILL, RALPH.
CHIPMAN, WILLIAM.
CORALLERS, NICHOLAS, 38 Spring avenue.
CHISHOLM, MISS FLORENCE.
CONNOLLY, DANIEL, patrolman.
CARLSON, CHARLES, 10 Grand street.
CLIFFORD, THOMAS.
CHISHOLM, MRS. THOMAS, Glen avenue.
CONROY, MAMIE, Montello street.
DODGE, ELMER R., 148 Market street.
DELANO, MRS. EMMA, 14 Bartlett street.
EATON, CHARLES, Howard street.
EMERSON, WILLIAM 28 Myrtle street.
EMERSON, FRANK.
GORDON, JOHN J., 70 Otis street.
GARVEY, JOHN J.
GRAGAN, JOHN, 5 Owen street.
GOOD, CORNELIUS, North street, Randolph.
HANLEY, P. J., No. 68 West Bartlett street.
HURLEY, MRS. ANDREW.
HOWARD, MRS., No. 772 Main street.
HANLEY, PATRICK.
HANLEY, P. J., No. 68 West Bartlett street.
JEWETT, MRS. JOSEPH, forty-five years, No. 14 Pinkham street, Campello.
JONES, GEORGE, Laureston street.
JOYCE, JOHN.
JOYCE, PETER F.
JOHNSON, SETH P.
LUNDELL, ANDREW, No. 20 Custer street.
LEWIS, WARREN.
LIGHTFOOT, WILLIAM, Central street, East Bridgewater.
LUNDELL, BROR, No. 20 Custer street.
LUNDBERG, SAMUEL, Third and Myrtle streets.
LAWRENCE, WALTER, Tremont and Essex.
LEWIS, WARREN.
LYFORD, WILLIAM, East Bridgewater.
LEARY, MICHAEL, Smith avenue.
McCABE, MRS. J. H., 19 Grand street.
McHEENEY, THOMAS, 444 Centre street.
MONK, GEO. J., Alderman.
McSHERRY, THOMAS.
McDONALD, DANIEL, Avon.
McSHERRY, DANIEL.
MULVERHILL, ELIZABETH, North Warren avenue.
McGAUGHEY, M. J., Randolph.
NOONAN, KITTY, Forest avenue.
O'BRIEN, CHARLES.
O'ROURKE, REV. JAMES A.
PIERCE, HIRAM, 69 Myrtle street.
PIERCE, FRANK, 69 Myrtle street.
PIERCE, ARTHUR, 69 Myrtle street.
ROLLINS, CHARLES, Central street, East Bridgewater.
ROCKWELL, MRS. DAVID.
RINES, CHARLES L.
ROONEY, MARGARET, Foster street.
RAYMOND, E. F.
REYNOLDS, ORIN.
RIORDAN, RICHARD.
RYAN, CHARLES.
STONGE, JERRY, 74 Provost street.
SHEEHAN, JAMES.
SHIELDS, MRS. JULIA, North Easton.
SOUTHWICK, FRED, Middleboro.
TRIPP, MRS. WALTER.
TURNER, JOHN.
WHITCOMB, ELLA.
WERSON, FRANK, Myrtle street.
WILBUR, MISS MABEL.
WALTON, LAWRENCE.
WALSH, HENRY.
WEATHERBEE, F. FORREST.

THE MISSING.

ABERCROMBIE, WALLACE, Florence street.
ARMSTRONG, W. R.
ATWOOD, MRS. CLARA.
BARTLETT, HARRY, East Bridgewater.
BAKER, IRVING.
BELL, JAMES M.
BILLINGS, ANNIE.
BILLINGS, ADA.
BELL, FRANK.
BURGESS, MISS.
BERGEN, MYRA.
CARROWS, RENA.
CURTIS, MRS. MARY J., 196 Warren avenue.
CHANDLER, JESSIE, Whitman.
COPP, ADDIE R.
CROAKER, ANNIE.
CREEDON, KATIE.
DESMOND, TIMOTHY J., No. 25 Bradford street.
DOHERTY, P. M.
ERICSSON, A.
FITZPATRICK, MAURICE.
FITZPATRICK, MISS MARY, No. 55 Plain street.
HICKEY, MISS SADIE, Warren avenue.
HICKEY, MISS LOUISE, Warren avenue.
HIBBARD, LIZZIE M.
HURD, MRS. WILLIAM, V.
HALLETT, ALMORAN, No. 58 Walnut street.
JACKSON, JAMES A., Central street, Abingdon.
JEFFERSON, WILLIAM F., East Bridgewater.
JOHNSON, ANDREW.
JOHNSON, ANNIE.
JOHNSON, EMIL.
KELLEY, KATIE, Park street.
KELLEY, MRS. STELLA.
KELLEY, MINNIE.
LEONARD, MAMIE J., Montello street.
LEWIS, BARNABAS.
LEWIS, O. G.
LOVEJOY, SAMUEL J., 98 Walnut street.
LINDBERG, HANNAH.
LUNDELL, JOHN.
LEYDEN, MARY.
LEONARD, MISS NELLIE, Pine street.
LEONARD, MISS MARY, Pine street.
MOSES, LYDIA.
M'CORMICK, ADDIE.
M'CORMICK, LYDIA.
NELSON, A. F.
PERRY, MRS.
PRAY, ARTHUR.
RYDER, MRS. L. W.
SNOW, JOSHUA, 87 North Main street.
SAUNDERS, EVA.
SCHILL, KLAUS.
SULLIVAN, JOHN N., Montello street.
SMITH, GEORGE, Lawrence street.
SMITH, JOHN.
SMITH, GEORGE, Essex street.
STILES, MISS JENNIE, Market street.
TURNER, VICTOR, 782 Warren avenue.
WHITE, MRS. L. A.
WEEKS, HENRY N.
WYMAN, EVA M.
WHITTEMORE, C. G.
WARDWELL, MRS. M. F.
WARD, JAMES A.

DIGGING FOR DEAD A WORK OF HORROR

Hundreds of sightseers watched the most gruesome sight attendant upon the fire—the digging for the dead.

The factory building was leveled to the ground and the cellar was filled two feet deep with debris. From this debris the remains were taken to the street and placed in long boxes. Protruding from the mass of debris were the twisted machinery and long beams, partly burned. Workmen toiled amid smoke and steam, doing their best to bring to the street the remains of the unfortunates caught in the grasp of the fire fiend.

When a body was found a small box would be taken into the ruins and loaded with the body, which would then be placed in the waiting undertaking wagon. Sometimes three bodies would be taken away in the same box. Very little was left to identify the remains. A skirt would show that the wearer had been a woman. Absence of skirt denoted the victim a man.

Early in the day the majority of the remains were taken from the northwestern corner of the factory near the engineer's house. The occupants of the stitching room were in that section and the bodies were taken out in twos and threes. The firemen shifted their work to the centre of the ruins on Denton street. There the bodies were not so thick, but when the corner of Calmar and Denton streets was attacked extra wagons and boxes had to be pressed into service.

One fireman shoveled out a head, all that was left of a body. The top of a skull was found in the debris, covered with grime and worthless for identification purposes. One box contained remains of five different bodies, so little was left of any single one.

Watches, rings, chains and trinkets of all kinds were picked up in the ruins. Policemen were sharp to see that no one took any of these valuables away from the fire. City Marshal Boyden took charge of all the jewelry that it might be used to identify the dead.

Miss Marcilena Mosher

Mrs Emily Howard

Hudson Photo.

Mrs. Fred. Willcutt

Cardwell Photo.

Mrs. Thomas Chisholm

Nora Coughlin.

WOMEN WHO SURVIVED BROCKTON HORROR.

WOMAN LEFT TO DIE; COULD NOT BE GOT FROM LUNCH ROOM

Mrs. Dora Clarke, employed in the lunch room, was undoubtedly killed, although her body has not yet been identified. Her father, Albert H. Hogue, of Hanson, says she wore a hunting case silver watch, and as the trinkets and jewelry picked up near the charred remains are carefully preserved with them, she may be identified by this means.

She was frying eggs on the gas stove in the lunch room when the explosion took place, and started for the nearest windows with Mrs. Molly Sturgis and Miss Coughlin, the other two women in the room. Mrs. Clarke was not very strong, and Mrs. Sturgis twice risked her own life to pull along her weaker friend.

When only a short distance from the window Mrs. Clarke fell fainting on the floor, and Mrs. Sturgis was forced to leave her there, as the flames were even then eating their way into the lunch room. Mrs. Sturgis was badly hurt in her leap for life, as the lunch room was on the second floor of the factory. The unfortunate woman she had to leave behind probably never awoke and passed painlessly away.

Mrs. Clarke leaves a husband, Arthur Clarke. She was twenty-seven years old.

'POOR LITTLE WOMAN' HERO'S LAST WORDS

"Tell my wife I won't be home till late to-night," were the last words of Richard Spriggins, an usher at the Brockton City Theatre. He was hemmed in on all sides by a mass of debris and the fire was rushing toward him. A dozen frantic hands were tearing at the huge piles of machinery that held him down.

When the hot breath began to play about his hair, he turned away, trying to hide his agony. **"Poor little woman. Tell her—,"** said he, and that was all.

FIND BODY OF DEAD ENGINEER

Special to the Boston American.

BROCKTON, March 21.—Searchers in the ruins of the R. B. Grover & Co. factory discovered early to-day the body of David Rockwell, the engineer. The body, charred and burned almost beyond recognition, was sitting in a chair in what had been the boilerroom of the factory, and the iron door of the factory was on top of it. A friend identified the body by Rockwell's silver watch and other personal belongings found on this body.

The body of Stephen Snow was recovered early to-day and identified at 6:27 to-day by his son, Joseph. This identification was made by eyeglasses, a watch and pocketbook.

Clues which may lead to further identifications have been found at various places in the ruins. In one vest found in the ruins was a gold open-face watch which had stopped at 9:04. The case is No. 3,228,394 and the works No. 11,192,063. The watch has a gold chain with a cameo charm, and a wedding ring on it. In the same vest was a pocketbook with the name Joseph F. Parker, No. 6 Smith street, Campello.

Another vest found in the ruins contained an Elgin watch with works No. 481,209, which had a gold chain, a charm of a horse's head, studded with chipped diamonds, and there was also a pair of eyeglasses with black rubber rims and black leather case.

FR. O'ROURKE TELLS OF HEROIC WORK

In the noble work of rescue at Brockton, the heroism of the Rev. Father James A. O'Rourke, curate at St. Margaret's Church, stands out conspicuously.

Father O'Rourke was one of the first on the scene and aided in the rescue of seven people.

Finally driven back by the flames, and suffering from a dislocated shoulder, he visited those whom it was impossible to save and administered the last rites of the church to nearly forty dying.

By Father O'Rourke.

I had just finished breakfast and was standing in the window looking toward Main street when suddenly I saw the building apparently rise into the air and then fall. I also heard the explosion.

It was between ten and five minutes of eight. Father J. M. Keleher, the pastor of the parish, was at church attending Mass.

As soon as I could I went to the scene of the fire.

At once we saw that the back of the building was the worse.

In the front we saw the people coming out uninjured.

On Main street I met several others, and we went down Denton street to Calmer.

There we found a dozen or fifteen poor fellows penned in by timbers and machinery.

We went to work trying to save all we could.

We got a big piece of joist and tried to pry the timbers off the victims.

One poor fellow, he was the eighth one, was pleading to be saved, and we worked over him as long as we could, until he begged us to stop and told us that his leg had been pulled off by our efforts to free him.

We would have worked longer, but the flames were right on us and the firemen ordered us away. It was the most awful sight that can be imagined.

I never saw anything so heart-rending and never heard such pitiful cries. And in spite of our efforts we could do so little.

People were begging for the rites of the church, and I administered to all I could, many of them nearly dead, all covered with blood, bruised and mangled.

Father Keleher reached the scene as soon as mass was over, and did all he could to give comfort to the poor people.

Some of those rescued were taken to the church. It is a dreadful calamity. We shall probably hold a special requiem mass, I should think on Wednesday morning, in St. Margaret's Church.

We have tried to learn the fate of all our parishioners, but some are unaccounted for.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES
Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

FELL FROM FOURTH FLOOR TO STREET; ESCAPED INJURY

"I was in the stitching room on the fourth floor," said Miss Annie Billing, of Ford street, to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter, "and when the explosion came I went down as if I were shot. I was sitting in a chair and on the way down I could see several of the girls tumble to the floor. The walls first moved outward and then the floor sank before any one could move.

"It came so quickly that I could not do anything. Finally the floor stopped and as there was a window near I crawled through and found myself on the street. I was not hurt at all, but some of the girls were pinned under the machinery and their screams were awful to hear."

ENGINEER FEARED BOILER, SAYS WIDOW

I am sure it was that old boiler. I know it was not my husband's carelessness.

My husband had long protested against the use of the old boiler.

He had told me often that it should not be used, as it was not safe for a high pressure.

Only a few days ago he mentioned his fear of the boiler and wished that the company would buy a new one. He told the inspectors about a month ago that he considered it unsafe, but they did not agree with him. He also told the superintendent that the boiler should be condemned, as it was unsafe.

They did not use this one very much because it was considered unsafe, and used a newer one all Winter. Recently something was found wrong with the new boiler, and it was decided to fire up the old one.

Within the past two weeks both boilers have been inspected by boiler inspectors, for my husband told me so one night.—*Mrs. David Rockwell, wife of Engineer Rockwell.*

The Sufferers from Colds

are numbered by Millions, not including those whose annoyance by association amounts almost to suffering.

And yet it is a fact, as capable of demonstration as any problem in Geometry, that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has, Does, Will Cure Catarrh and Colds. What are the Catarrhal Millions going to do about it?

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure relieves heart disease in 30 minutes.

Sold by WM. H. KNIGHT, 97 Court St., and LEWIS & CO., 145 Wash. St.

STOCKS TO-DAY ARE STEADY

It looked to-day as though the strength of Atchison was the prop under the Wall street market. This issue with its advance of 1⅜ to 91½ was the feature of the forenoon. The general market was dull and "spotty." Animation was lacking, and while a few special issues like Reading, St. Paul Consolidated Gas, Southern Pacific and Tennessee Coal and Iron scored advances averaging about 1 per cent., other changes were largely unimportant.

State street stocks were firm and moderately active. Considerable interest was manifested in the movement in American Agricultural Chemical common, American Woolen, Copper Range, Osceola and United Fruit. The tendency of these issues was upward.

BOSTON STOCKS.

	Opening.	1 p. m.
Allouez	23	23¼
Amalgamated	80	80½
Am. Ag. Ch.	24¼	24½
Am. Ag. Ch. pfd.	91	91½
American Telephone	144½	144
American Sugar	142½	142
American Woolen	29⅝	31
American Woolen pfd.	107	108
Atchison	90½	91⅛
Bingham	32	32
Boston Con.	7	7
Boston & Maine	184	182½
Calumet & Hecla	670	670
Centennial	18	18
Copper Range	77¾	77¾
Daly-West	16¼	16
Edison Electric Illum	253	253
Granby	6⅛	6⅛
Isle Royale	25	25
Mass. Electric	19	19
Mass. Electric pfd.	64	64
Mass. Gas	42⅞	
Mass. Gas pfd.	84½	84½
Mohawk	53¼	53¼
N. Y., N. H. & H.	204	204
Old Dominion	29½	29½
Osceola	100	101
Parrot	28½	28½
Pullman	246	248
Shannon	7⅞	7¾
Shoe Machinery	88½	88½
Tamarack	134	134
Trinity	11⅜	11
U. S. Steel	36	35⅞
U. S. Steel pfd.	95⅞	95⅞
United Fruit	111¾	112½
U. S. Mining	25⅝	25½
Union Pacific	132⅞	132½
Utah	40½	40⅞
Western Tel.	29⅝	29⅝
Winona	13½	13½
Wolverine	112½	112

NEW YORK STOCKS.

	Opening.	1 p. m.
Amalgamated Copper	80	80⅝
American Car & Fdry	38⅝	38½
American Locomotive	49⅝	49
American Smelting	103¼	102⅝
American Sugar	142	142
Anaconda	119¼	120
Atchison	90¼	91⅞
Atchison preferred	103½	103¼
Baltimore & Ohio	109⅝	109⅞
Brooklyn Transit	67	67
Canadian Pacific	140⅝	140¾
Chesapeake & Ohio	59	59
Chicago, Great West	24⅞	24⅞
Colorado Fuel & Iron	54⅞	54½
Consol. Gas	204½	206
Delaware & Hudson	191½	191¼
Erie	46⅜	46⅝
General Electric	189	189
Illinois Central	162½	161¼
Louisville & Nashville	142⅝	142⅜
Manhattan Elevated	169⅝	169¼
Metropolitan	124½	124½
Mexican Central	25¼	25¼
Missouri Pacific	108⅝	108
M., K. & Texas preferred	67	67
New York Central	163¼	162½
Norfolk & Western	86¼	86¼
Northwestern	240¾	240⅝
Pennsylvania	143½	143⅝
People's Gas	112	111⅞
Reading	95⅞	96¼
Rock Island	34⅝	34¼
Southern Pacific	68⅝	69⅛
Southern Railway	35½	35¾
St. Paul	180⅞	181½
Texas Pacific	39	39
T. C. & Iron	92½	93¼
Union Pacific	133	132⅝
U. S. Leather	13	13
U. S. Leather preferred	104	104
United States Steel	35⅞	35¾
United States Steel preferred	95	95⅝
Wisconsin Central preferred	53	53
Western Union	93¾	93⅝

MUNYON'S INHALER FREE

Also a Package of Catarrh Tablets and a Package of Paw-Paw Pills Given

Absolutely Free

With PAW-PAW

A COMPLETE CURE FOR CATARRH

I am proving that my PAW-PAW and my Inhaler positively cure Catarrh. I don't care how chronic or how long standing, or how many doctors have failed to CURE. I know that I have the most rational and positive cure that has ever been found. I know that my Paw-Paw will not only cure Indigestion and CATARRH of the stomach, but that it will positively eradicate every particle of catarrhal poison from the blood. I make this statement on the testimony of thousands it has cured. Its vitalizing forces immediately build up the whole nervous system. It digests almost everything that it touches. You can't be despondent, you can't have dyspepsia, you can't be nervous, you can't have insomnia, if you will take Paw-Paw, but there are certain forms of Catarrh, such as CATARRH of the nose, head and throat, that must have local treatment.

Nothing that has ever been discovered is doing so much for the cure of Catarrhal deafness as this treatment. It allays the inflammation of the Eustachian tubes, so that the swollen and inflamed membrane is reduced and the hearing is gradually but positively restored.

To make my Catarrh treatment complete, I am giving away my $1 inhaler, also a package of Paw-Paw Pills and a package of Catarrh tablets, absolutely free, with each bottle of Paw-Paw for 85 cents.

I want people to take my Paw-Paw at least four times a day; use the Inhaler as often as convenient, and be sure to take a Paw-Paw Pill every night on retiring and to snuff or inject into the nostrils the solution made from the Catarrh Tablets with every bottle of Paw-Paw. Price $1.00.

I know this treatment will cure Catarrh; I know it will cure Indigestion; I know it will cure Nervousness; I know it will build up the general system. If your druggist cannot furnish the complete treatment, send me one dollar and I will send it by express, all charges prepaid. —MUNYON, Broadway and 26th st., New York.

The Inhaler reaches the sore spots, heals the raw places and goes right to the seat of the disease. It sends clouds of medication to the air passages that are inflamed; it washes them, it soothes them and puts them in a healthy condition.

"WHY IS IT, WHY?"--"GOD KNOWS," ANSWERS THE HERO PRIEST

SOME OF THE WORKERS IN BROCKTON SHOE FACTORY WHO LOST LIVES IN EXPLOSION AND FIRE HORROR

KENTS PHOTO.
MRS. EMMA B. FRAY

STEPHEN SNOW

CALDWELL PHOTO.
MISS FLORENCE A. DUNHAM

GEO. BURGESS

MRS. GEO. EMERSON

Query Rises To-day to the Lips of all Brockton ---Factory Was a Model One, Workers Were Happy and Well Treated and Little Dreamed of Catastrophe.

By Warren B. Davis.

IN THE midst of the men who were giving help to those who lived and tears for those who had died at the scene of the Brockton holocaust, was a young priest, Father James O'Rourke. His clerical garments were awry and stained. His face was smooched, his hands blackened and blistered and burned where he had thrust them into the almost burning embers to render his aid. In his face there was the look such as can only come to a man who is gazing upon the burial place of those who were near and dear to him.

A young man approached the priest. He stretched his hand across the burned area, where the smoke was still rising, where a flame still glowed. He pointed to a spot not ten feet away where, in plain sight, there was something black and torn and misshapen, but which could be distinguished as the remaining parts of what had been not an hour before a human being, with red blood flowing through throbbing veins, with strong arms, with a voice and a laugh.

WHY IS IT? WHY?

The young man took all these in with the wave of his arm and said to the priest:

"Why is it, Father? Why."

The priest's sad eyes went over the area, took in the bones that represented life, took in the pile from which there showed a pair of blackened bones that were legs, the great hole that had swallowed up his people.

He shook his head. The tears of a man brave in spirit came to his eyes.

"God knows, my son, God knows," he said.

Then a doctor came and put a salve on the priest's hands, although the curate had forgotten in the awful things he had seen that his hands were burned.

Brockton is asking like the young man of the priest, "WHY?"

No one dares answer, save in the words of the priest.

It was a model factory, this establishment of R. B. Grover & Co. Honest men ran it, men who had the welfare of their employes at heart. There was no dissension. The labor unions found them right. The interests of the employes seemed safe-guarded in every way.

A MODEL ENGINE ROOM.

It was a model engine room. The boilers were regularly inspected by representatives of firms who had everything to gain by seeing that they were absolutely safe. One was new. The other, while old, had no scar or apparent defection. It had done loyal service for years. Nothing had ever been found wrong with it.

The new boiler having been found to need repairs, it was decided that the old one should be used. The night watchman, J. W. Newhall, built a fire in it Sunday morning. No wrong was found with the boiler. It was all right Monday morning when at 7:20 the engineer, David Rockwell, came on duty.

Soon after the employes commenced to arrive. In all departments they gathered and prepared for the day's work. There were laughing girls of sixteen, some of Brockton's prettiest amongst them, talking of the parties they had attended the night before. There were older women, widows, some others wives who were helping out in the household expenses by working in the same factory with their husbands. There were young men and some who had been with Grover & Co. ever since the firm started.

In the stitching room on the third floor was a particularly merry crowd. They were mostly girls and young women on this floor, a few men amongst them being sub-foremen and heads of various departments.

LATE CARS SAVED SOME.

One question caused some comment. That was why many of the girls were so much later than usual.

"The cars are late this morning," said one girl. "I heard a conductor say that the ice on the trolley wires was delaying the cars a lot."

They commenced to start their machines. The forewomen began to pass out the work. Cotton sleeve protectors were adjusted. Oil cans greased refractory parts of some of the sewing machines. The hour not having quite come when they should be at work, the usual "jolly" was passed one to another.

Then came the shock.

"The building seemed to rise with us in it," said Mrs. Lena Baker, one of the few who escaped from the stitching room. "It seemed as though you had been taken up in an elevator, one of those fast ones, and that it went down very suddenly."

The building did rise. At an angle of forty-five degrees the old boiler, torn from its fastenings, ripped through the structure, passing between the second and third floors, tearing away floor supports, snapping machines apart, went through the side across the stretch of open, through the house of David Rockwell, thirty feet away, and landed imbedded in the side of the house of Mrs. Hood, next to the Rockwells.

SCATTERED LIVE COALS.

It scattered live coals of fire as it went.

The building parted in the centre, gaps appeared in what had been solid floors, joists bent and gave way. The roof opened wide and the timbers fell apart.

In the midst of this were women, girls, young men and old.

For the moment there was an awful stillness.

Then there rose a cry that reached the ears of firemen and police officers as they came rushing from the city stations only a few yards away, a cry of agony, such as a man can never forget, the like of which will ring in his ears when he is old and tottering.

It was a cry from the helpless.

They fell back, the helpless ones, with the ruins of the great workrooms when the roof settled down until it was nearly on a level with the ground, when heavy machines that had rested on the top floor crashed through to the basement.

Underneath all this were women and girls and men. They were carried down in the terrific, grinding crush. Some suffered little. Their lives were crushed out almost while the building was in air. They were dead when the great beams settled.

Some, very few in number, escaped from the hole. Where souls went out heroes were born. George Smith, of humble position, was pinned down by a machine that crushed his limbs, held him tight, so that he could not move.

His arm was big and strong and unhampered. Near him a woman fought to free herself. He could reach some of the timbers that held her. His hands wrenched away what he could.

"Keep at it woman, keep at it, you can get out if I can't," he called to her through the noise, the smoke and the dust and the scream.

She was freed. He pushed her toward the roof where there was an opening. She caught the beams and pulled herself out. The timbers were tottering, the roof going but she paused to look back at the man who had given her life.

He smiled back at her, waved his hand and—

She saw the flames. They were just back of him. They swept all about him and shut out the smile of hope. The woman could see no more. She jumped and struck the ground, cut, bruised, sorely hurt but alive.

What the broken timbers had failed to do, the fire accomplished. The white heat and the red flames came upon those who were held down who could not move but could think and feel and see. It found the feet of some first and made the agony longer. Others it swept over in an instant bringing unconsciousness that made death the easier.

WENT BACK TO DEATH.

There was another hero whose deeds were seen but whose face was not recognized. He had escaped the falling timbers and the collapse. He appeared at a window, seemed about to crawl out and jump to the ground when he turned his head.

"Don't let me burn; please save me. I shall be killed."

Voices of helpless women called to the man. He saw them when he turned his head, the flames all about them, doomed to die where they were pinned down.

The man at the window hesitated but a moment. Back, perhaps some hundred years, there had been given him by his ancestors the instinct of courage. He threw aside his safety and went back to the women who called him.

Unable to save them, not willing to save himself, he died with the rest.

Stories like this could be told, and without stretching the truth one single thousandth part of an inch, until they would fill volumes and volumes and still leave heroes unmentioned. They were born and died while that building burned. Brockton will never know them all.

SAW FRIENDS IN FIRE.

It was scenes like these that confronted the men from the fire station and the police station when they ran out. These things were seen, too, by the hundred or more employes who were late because there was ice on the trolley wires and held up their cars. They stood in front of the factory buildings, saw the roof go up and come down, saw the faces of their friends, their relatives, at the windows, saw them fall back into the flames and heard them cry out for the last time.

Is it a wonder that in many Brockton homes to-day there are women whose minds are not right? Hysteria caused by excitement, the doctors would say. Another such horror would snap the threads of those minds entirely.

The holocaust came so quickly that it was almost over before those nearby realized that it had occurred. Men who retained their senses rushed forward even to the interior of the collapsed structure, where the flames were hot and the horror great, and dragged half-burned people from the very grip of the fire.

One man was pulled out by the combined force of two of the rescuers. His legs were torn away when they laid him in the street. He died before they could place him in an ambulance.

George Burgess, who commanded the Spanish War Veterans, was one of those recognized at the windows. He had almost made his escape when the fire caught him and pulled him down with the rest.

LIMB TWISTED IN CRASH.

One body was thought to be that of Burgess when they were recovered later. He had a crooked leg, and a distorted limb on one of the corpses was taken to mean that it was Burgess. Later it was discovered that the twisted limb was simply one of the incidents of the catastrophe.

Inside of five minutes after the collapse the fire appeared in all parts of the building. Coals from the boiler were scattered in every direction. Where each struck fire started. The whole structure became enveloped.

Grover's factory was divided into what were practically two distinct buildings. The power house which held the boilers was between the two. One building only was collapsed when the boiler burst. But the flames, once started on the first building, spread to the second. The whole great block became one monstrous furnace.

Houses on Main street and Denton street caught also. In one or two the occupants had time to move their furniture. Others lost all they possessed. While husbands and fathers were buried in the ruins, wives and children found themselves without either homes or household effects.

MAYOR WAS OVERCOME.

It was this scene of destruction that greeted Mayor Keith when he came down from his home, only a short distance away. For the moment, the Mayor, a humane, kindly man, was overcome by the horror of it all.

He walked around the streets with City Marshal Boyden. He heard wives calling for husbands, children for fathers, brothers for sisters. He turned with a gesture of despair to the marshal.

"I can't believe what my eyes see," he exclaimed.

Then and there the work of relieving, so far as human agency could do, the suffering was started. The police station was made the headquarters. Notices were posted up on all adjoining buildings and on the newspaper bulletin boards asking those who had escaped to register themselves. It was hoped that in this way it might be known who had been lost.

In the ruins were the payrolls, the only thing which contained the names of those employed in the factory.

Another way was found of ascertaining those alive. Bookkeeper Hunt, with a list of employes which he had saved, an incomplete list, went to the second story of the fire station. Leaning far out, he called the roll.

His voice reached far and the crowd heard him. He called the names. There were cries of "here" and "all right" to some; to as many more there was no response.

CALLED ROLL OF LIVING.

The people gazed into one another's faces as the roll proceeded. "Could she have been lost? Impossible! She was seen leaving the building." "But her clothes were afire," some one said. They looked for her then in the houses and the hospitals.

The lists in front of the police station were scanned eagerly. There were cries of joy when names were discovered when there had been rumors that the bearer of the name had been lost. Some faces seemed to grow even whiter when the lists failed to show the names for which they were looking.

For an hour after the horror first broke loose there was little done. The firemen turned their attention to keeping down the spread of the flames, which for a time threatened to take in a large portion of Main and Denton streets. Falling walls did not disturb them. They fought in the midst of crashes of brick without turning a hair. There are heroes many of them in the Brockton fire department.

In the midst of the excitement was Chief Harry Marston, gray haired, black of face, quiet and determined. His men fought with him. He was everywhere. They turned their attention to saving property, particularly that portion of the factory where it was known that the greatest number of bodies would be found.

FIREMEN WERE HEROES.

Amongst the firemen as they fought the flames were several who knew that they were working over the deathbeds of relatives. That thought never turned them from the duty which for the time being confronted every man who wore a badge of the Brockton Fire Department.

SAMUEL LOVEJOY.

Warren Lewis, Explosion Hero, Who Rescued Mrs. Emily Howard.

There were heroes amongst the police, too. Officer Mason literally fought his way into the burning building. He escaped with difficulty. There are women who owe him their lives, but he doesn't know who they were. Then there are officer O'Connell and Officer Garland. Each made himself one of Brockton's noblest in the work done in the few minutes while there was time to do anything. Other names may be missing from the roll of honor, but they know themselves what they have done and they will remember for many, many years the few breathless words of thanks that came from feeble lips, from hearts that had ceased to beat with hope when these men came through smoke and flame to their rescue.

Fire lines were quickly formed. Ropes stretched at every available point kept out those who clamored for permission to get where they might learn what had happened to relatives and friends. For an hour perfect frenzy reigned. Men and even women fought to get to the blazing pile to learn what they dreaded to know.

As the minutes swept by a terrible calm settled over the vast multitude that pressed against the ropes. Few faces there were which were not white with anxiety. Toward the police station the crush was greatest. Men and women gave names of relatives in hopeless monotones.

"WANTED TO KNOW" AT HOME.

Every telephone wire that was anywhere near the scene was kept busy. Bridgewater, Montello and other points were eager for information. Avon and Whitman had its people employed in the Grover factory. Those at home wanted to know.

"Spare no expense, but let me know about her, please," was the frequent plea that came to the men who had telephones in their stores.

Disheartening to those on the other end of the wire were the replies which were sent beck in many cases.

"We can't tell yet, nothing will be known until to-night," was the frequent answer to a request for information.

It was slow work in getting out the bodies. As the flames commenced to die down they could be seen there in the awful black pile, only bits of them in places. More than one strong man in the crowd turned away sick at what he saw when he got near enough to gaze upon the end of the building where the stitching room had collapsed.

As soon as the ruins had cooled City Marshal Boyden set his men to work getting out the remains. Every undertaker in Brockton was asked to send his wagon. Early in the afternoon the store of Gardino Brothers, tailors, at No. 1007 Main street, was selected as a morgue. It was 1 o'clock before the first body was brought there.

RECOVERING THE BODIES.

Once started, the work of recovering bodies proceeded rapidly. In some cases it was only a small portion that was taken out. Some of the ordinary undertaker's boxes held remnants of three different bodies.

All were borne to the temporary morgue.

Three officers stood on guard and kept the crowd away. People beseeched that they might be allowed in to identify bodies.

The news was broken to them gently.

"There is no use now," they were told.

"You cannot tell except in two or three cases even whether it is a man or woman. There is little chance of identification."

Ray Cole, who drove a team for "Jerry" Howard, the spring water man, was one of those who lost his life in the holocaust. He was delivering water for the factory when the explosion occurred. His body was the first identified. His pocketbook, charred and torn, was found beside the body, and had enough of a scrap of paper left to make out the identity.

Florence Dunham's sister identified her by a piece of a shirtwaist. Another body had a bunch of keys held in place by the remnant of a pocketbook.

NOT SURE OF NUMBER.

As the afternoon wore along the recovery of pieces of bodies was rapid. At one time there were in the morgue what were taken to be some sixty bodies. But they were not sure that there were that many.

All night long the search of the ruins kept up. The Street Department and the Water Department were called upon for help. They sent men to drain out the ruins and make careful, systematic search for remains. Under the glare of electric lights and watched by those for whom there would be no sleep for many hours, the searchers worked on.

Occasionally they uncovered something and signalled to the undertakers. The boxes were carried down to the place and what was found was removed to the morgue.

How to bury these became a question that was asked on all sides. It was quickly decided that there could be little identification.

"We shall have to have one big public funeral," said a man who had lost a sister and knew not which of the bones were hers.

Mayor Keith accepted the idea, and after the recovery of the last bodies it appeared would be found, he said that he would endeavor to have general consent for a day of burial.

"It has been so far simply a matter of recovering what bodies we can. After that we shall have to talk about burial. I see no way out of it except a public funeral."

It is probable that the funeral will be held on Wednesday from the largest hall in Brockton. It will be a day of general mourning. The city has been struck as deeply as its humblest citizen who has been bereft by the catastrophe.

Through it all there continued that one inquiry—

"Why?"

Inspectors of the State police came down to learn. They looked over the boiler and shook their heads. They could find little from that.

"It was not low water that did it," said one. "The back plug is intact."

"What was it, then?"

"I cannot tell. We should see the engineer."

When inquiry was made for David Rockwell he was not to be found. At first it was declared that he had been taken out in a dying condition and had passed away at the police station. That was found to be untrue.

One of the bodies found is that of David Rockwell, the man who could give the answer to "Why?"

Murmurs against the engineer were heard. The murmurs were answered with denials that the charges were true. His wife says that he was afraid of the old boiler. She declares that he did not drink; that he had taken the place of a man who was discharged for that offence.

Naturally, there will be an investigation. The results of what will be found do not appear ready to pile up at the present time. The police, both city and State, will have something to do, but it is almost certain that in the end there will be the same question that was addressed to Father O'Rourke by the young man:

"WHY IS IT? WHY?"

GIRL LEAPS FROM WINDOW TO SAVE LIFE FROM FLAMES

When she was taken to the Relief Hospital at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, Nora Coughlin realized for the first time how severely she had been injured when she jumped from the second-story of the factory to escape the flames.

"My back hurts some," she confessed.

"You have a severe contusion of the spine," decided Dr. Dacey, as he ordered a bed prepared for her in one of the wards.

Nora Coughlin was employed in the lunch room of the factory, which was on the second floor directly over the boiler room.

This lunch room was operated by Miss Mollie Sturgis, who also owned and sub-let to lodgers the house on Main street directly in front of the factory, which is now a mass of ruins.

At the time of the explosion there were four persons in the lunch room—Molly Sturgis, Nora Coughlin, Dora Clark and Jimmy Sheehan.

"Jimmy Sheehan and I were eating breakfast," said Miss Coughlin, "when we heard this terrible noise. It knocked us out of our chairs, and when I turned around I could not see the others for the smoke.

"I made a leap from the window, and I hadn't more than jumped when the flames broke out and the building fell. Mollie Sturgis jumped too. A policeman picked me up and took me into Molly Sturgis's house. Then that caught on fire and I went to her sister's house, and pretty soon I commenced to realize that I was hurt, and they brought me here. I shall never forget the awful screams of those poor people.

"They tell me that Dora Clark went down with the crash.

"It was so sudden none of us realized what had happened, but the screams ring in my ears every moment."

MY HUSBAND WAS IN AGONY
From sore hands until cured by Cuticura.—Mrs. Caroline Cable, Waupoca, Tex.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Is made of pure cream of tartar and safeguards the family against alum.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Home Furnishings

Illustrated Catalogue Free

OUR SPECIAL OFFER to furnish a home complete for $100 gives such excellent opportunities to persons starting housekeeping that hundreds have already availed themselves of the chance. Think it over.

Goods delivered in unmarked wagons if desired.

$100
1 Parlor Suit (5 pieces), consisting of 1 Sofa, 1 Gent's Easy Chair, 1 Lady's Rocker, 2 Parlor Chairs, 1 Oak or Mahogany Finished Parlor Table, 20 yds. Ingrain Carpet, 2 pr. Lace Draperies, 1 White Iron Bed, 1 Woven Wire Spring, 1 Soft Top Mattress, 1 pr. Pillows, 1 Golden Oak Dressing Case, 1 Golden Oak Commode, 1 Golden Oak Chamber Table, 2 Cane Seat Chairs, 1 Cane Seat Rocker, 16 yds. Straw Matting, 2 Bureau Mats, 2 pr. Lace Draperies, 1 Golden Oak 6 ft. Din. Table, 6 Cane Seat Golden Oak Fin'd Dining Chairs, 1 3x3 Coral Art Square, 1 100-pce. Decorated Dinner Set, 1 4-Hole Range, 1 Zinc, 1 Stove Pipe, 1 Iron Pot, 1 Iron Kettle, 1 Iron Tea Kettle, 1 Wash Boiler, 2 Dippers, 1 Kitchen Table, 2 Kitchen Chairs, 16 yds. Oilcloth
$100

Morris Chairs
Like above illustration, made from kiln-dried, quarter-sawed oak, finely polished and handsomely carved. They are big and comfortable, and have an indestructible steel spring seat, the cushions are movable and covered with finest velours, either plain or fancy. Back can be adjusted while you are seated. Price............ 12.00

Arm Diners
Box frame, cane seat, like illustration, made of quarter sawed oak, golden finished and polished, Price 2.69

Dining Chairs
Box frame, cane seat, like illustration, made of quarter sawed oak, golden finished polished. Price 1.98

Library Rockers
Our Fancy Rockers make steady customers and cozy homes. Why? Because they are thoroughly good, substantially made and reasonable in price. One like above illustration, made of the finest selected quarter sawed oak, golden or mahogany finished with water rubbed polish. Price.............. 4.95
This is only one of the many bargains we have to offer in the rocker line.

Dining Table
Like above illustration. Hand polished, golden oak finished, top 3 ft. 6 in. square when closed, can be extended to 6 ft. if desired. Rim is extra deep, legs large, handsomely turned and fluted, casters are ball-bearing. Price. 7.95

Goods Sold for Cash or by our Easy Payment System.

Dining Tables
Like illustration. Hand polished quarter oak finished. Round Top, 4 feet across, extra deep 5-ply Veneer Rim, 6-inch legs, handsomely turned and fluted, ball-bearing casters; can be extended to 6 or 8 feet if desired. Price.................... 16.95

SHAWMUT FURNITURE COMPANY. .
267-269 Tremont Street, Opposite Hollis Street
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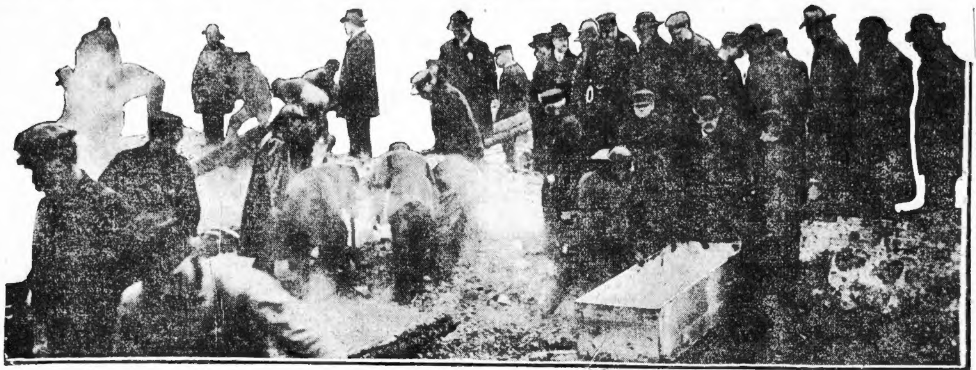
BROCKTON WAKES TO REALIZATION OF AWFUL CATASTROPHE



REMOVING BODIES AND CARRYING THEM AWAY IN BOXES.
From Photograph by Boston American Photographer.

OVERWHELMING HORROR SEEN BY ELEANOR AMES

Men and Women, Their Grief Too Poignant for Tears, Watch Work of the Searchers.

By Eleanor Ames.

WHEN morning dawned over Campello it found smoke still rising from the black ruins of what twenty-four hours before had been a prosperous factory; found men still digging, digging for the charred remains of what yesterday had been living human beings; found the same weary cordon of watchers, wild-eyed with fear and grief, keeping their vigil outside the lines.

Desolation reigns and grief stalks abroad in the land.

Every house bears the sign of mourning and every head is bowed with sorrow.

What yesterday was a hive of busy workers is to-day a charnel house.

Where there was song and the sound of laughter is now wailing and lamentation.

The reaction has come, and the calm which rested over the stricken ones has given way to keenest suffering.

Brockton is feeling the effects of the great catastrophe now more acutely than at any moment since a treacherous boiler brought death and ruin to many homes.

CAN NEVER FORGET.

Only those who have seen with their eyes and heard with their ears can have any adequate conception of the awful significance of the explosion in the Grover shoe factory.

Those who saw the upward flight and downward crash of the great building, who saw men and women hurled through space, stretching out their hands for help, struggling and fighting for their lives, only to be swallowed up in a gulf of flames, will carry the picture with them to the grave.

Those who heard that first ripping, thundering crash, as the giant boiler tore its way through one building and then another; who heard the frenzied cries for help; who heard the roar of the cruel fire and the groans of the dying and then the fearful silence which followed, will hear the echo ringing in their ears forever.

A tall red brick chimney rises solemnly from the yawning pit, surrounded by charred timbers, twisted irons and distorted machines, like a monument to the unknown dead who lie buried beneath the ruins.

It is a sight to rend the heart of stone and move the veriest stoic to sympathetic tears.

Long white pine boxes stand out in sad relief against the blackened timbers.

The finding of a new victim raises hope and fear in the hearts of hundreds of anxious onlookers. But it is a common hope and a common fear.

Individual relief at the discovery of a victim is a rarity.

FEW CAN BE RECOGNIZED.

Few of the pitiful objects—headless, burned to a blackened crisp, stripped of their clothing—which are taken from the still smouldering ruins are recognizable. There is the vague possibility that it may once have been the body of some loved one, now missing, and so hope and grief become something shared alike by all who are watching.

Wives looking for their husbands, husbands seeking their wives, parents in search of children and children weeping for their parents, brothers and sisters looking for missing ones, thronged about the scene all day, and when night softened the gruesome sights and lights gleamed over the ruins wherein men still worked, they returned, wide-eyed with grief and anxiety.

There was no violent demonstration, save in exceptional cases when some woman, over-wrought with suspense, broke forth in groans and sobs, or some man, under the tensity of the strain, laughed hysterically.

The blow has struck too deep for tears.

The employes of the Grover Shoe Company were not a light-headed, unbalanced lot of people. They were solid, substantial, respectable citizens. Many of them owned comfortable, attractive homes, well-furnished, replete with books and the various evidences of intellectual refinement. Good wages were paid them.

Good treatment was accorded the workers. It was a factory where work was sought and where positions were gladly retained as long as possible.

DIGNITY IN GRIEF.

The mourning crowds about the lines, well dressed, well behaved, dignified in their suffering, seeking kinspeople and friends bore evidence to the manner of men and women who had perished.

There was no lawlessness, no unseemly conduct. The awful solemnity of the horror impressed even the little children.

From the police station and engine house where the list of those who escaped was given, to the temporary morgue in the tailor shop farther up the street the crowds moved back and forth only to cluster once more about the actual ruins.

Turn whichever way one might, signs of the calamity met the eye.

One of the most pathetic sights was the wrecked house of David Rockwell, the engineer. It was a modest, story and a half cottage which stood on Denton street directly opposite the factory.

Here Mrs. Rockwell could look out of her sitting room windows and see her husband at his work, and he could glance across and see his golden haired baby girl in her mother's arms.

Now the outer wall is torn away, the roof is gone, and the rooms, burned filled with ashes and plaster and broken furniture, stand open to the gaze of all passers by.

The chair where Mrs. Rockwell was sitting was broken and twisted. The front of the parlor organ was torn away.

BOILER WRECKED KITCHEN.

Some pictures lay on the floor, others were in their places on the walls. In a corner stood the sewing machine, uninjured. Beside it lay a lamp robbed of its shade. On the mantle, an alarm clock was ticking away the time as though nothing had happened.

The boiler ripped the kitchen to pieces. Only part of one wall remained. Yet on the stove the wash boiler and kettle were not disturbed.

In the corner a table and chair stood unharmed. The dining room was not wrecked. The table had not been cleared of the breakfast dishes. A plate of bread and one of butter and a dish of pickles were standing about.

The baby's high chair held a tray and a half-devoured saucer of bread and milk.

Bedding from the upper rooms hung idly flapping in the rain-laden winds. Feathers from pillows were strewn about, and a spring bed lay in the path outside.

In the house on Main street owned by Molly Sturgis a pink paper lamberquin on a shelf remained intact, and over it was an unlucky peacock's feather.

Many other houses were blackened with fire and soaked with water. Household furniture was thrown in heaps in many yards, and hospitable neighbors opened their homes to those whom the holocaust had made desolate.

Firemen, tired and grimy and husky of voice, worked ceaselessly.

Doctors stood by, cases in hand, but there was no need for them, after the first, when the suffering were rescued; and over all, mingled with the smoke and ashes, rose the hideous odor of burning flesh—human flesh—and charring bones—human bones.

And all the people could do was to wait and watch and pray.

PASTOR TELLS OF AWFUL CALAMITY

The Rev. R. L. Rae, pastor of the Waldo Congregational Church of Montello, was on the scene of the horror within a very few moments after the explosion. This valiant minister instantly aided the work of rescue, both physically and spiritually, for he not only aided in saving lives, but gave consolation to those who were suffering from injuries and terror. He also performed the rites for those who were dying. His statement to the BOSTON AMERICAN follows:

By Rev. R. L. Rae.

Death and shadow of death, sorrow and grief, utter misery and desolation, the black shadow of this awful sorrow, has fallen like a pall upon our citizenship, the saddest calamity which has ever fallen upon Brockton.

Heartbroken mothers, husbands, fathers and wives, sisters and brothers, yes, and sweethearts, too, are all united in one common grief through this awful calamity. Heroism and valiant effort by men, who set their lives at naught alone, relieves the dark chronicle of this needless holocaust of unfortunate human beings.

Happy in their labor, men and women, young and old, went to their work on yesterday morning. Within an hour afterwards such terrible scenes! Anguished suffering and desolation occurred that words cannot describe them. It was my sad duty to aid to the best of my power those who needed my assistance. Gladly I rendered what assistance I could. I pray that never again may it become necessary for me to be present at such a scene of utter sadness.

Valiant services were rendered by Chief Marston and his fire department, by City Marshal Boyden and the police, by dozens of unnamed heroes who gladly risked their lives, and by Father O'Rourke and his assistant priest. It was a scene never to be forgotten. It brought tears to the eyes of the hardest, and will always be remembered with deepest sorrow.

WOMAN TELLS HOW SHE ESCAPED DEATH

Nothing short of miraculous was the escape of a number of women stitchers on the fourth floor of the factory. At one end of the long room were two sisters, Mrs. Fred Wilcutt, of No. 9 Shepherd street, and Miss Marcliena Mosher, who stepped out to safety when the fourth floor settled nearly to the basement, while their mother at the other end of the room was killed by the crashing of a roof.

By Mrs. Fred Wilcutt.

Never before did I realize the terrible significance of that little word "if."

My mother, Mrs. Pray, and surely the best mother that ever a daughter had, was very late in starting for work. Finally she said to my sister, Mrs. Sanborn, who stays at home all day:

"I guess I won't go to work to-day for I'm so late."

But she started at half past seven and was only in the factory a few moments when the explosion came. If—she only had decided to remain at home.

My sister and I were stitchers in the factory and had gone to work early.

SOUNDED LIKE THUNDER.

Just a little before eight o'clock there came a terrific boom. It sounded like a clap of thunder increased in sound a thousand times. At the same time I saw a mass of objects whirl through the air.

I know now they were pieces of machinery and boards, but then I had not time to think. Yes, I did think, of one thing—my mother.

The stitchers' room is on the fourth floor and is a wing of the main building. About eighty-five women were there.

I was in the northwest corner. When the crash came I started to run towards my mother. I saw the roof fall in at the end of the room where she was. Then the floor began to settle.

SMASHED A WINDOW.

I deliberately sat on the floor and it sank like an elevator. I heard the walls beneath us crash. Again we sank and the walls beneath us crashed, and then once more. Strange to say, our roof did not cave in.

Then the women realized that we were near the ground. I smashed a window in front of me with my hand, cutting it badly. Next I kicked out the casement, yelled to the women around me, and climbed out.

I slid down a pile of clapboards and found myself on the ground.

The building had settled on the Denton street side until it looked like a one-story affair, and the fourth-story walls remained solid until the flames began their awful work.

I saw many women climb out and clamber down the piled up clapboards to safety. Kitty Curley, Miss Jessie Reddell, Mrs. Addie Pratt and Miss Annie Billings came down all right.

But those stitchers who worked in the lower end of the room were no doubt killed by the falling roof. Mother was there, Mrs. Jennie Stiles, Miss Marion Tuffis and Miss Myra Burgin, and all of them are missing. Mother's dress was found to-day on a charred body, and so our hope is dead.

If—mother had only been a few minutes later at the factory she would now be with us.

TOTAL LOSS WILL REACH $300,000 IT IS ESTIMATED

The fire and explosion resulted in damage estimated now to reach nearly $300,000. The factory itself is a total loss, as there is not left standing a vestige of the splendid four-story structure, with the exception of the chimney, and that has been weakened to such an extent that it will have to be razed. Mr. Charles Grover, of the firm, declared that while he is not prepared to state absolutely the loss, it will reach the neighborhood of $220,000.

The buildings in the vicinity present a ruinous spectacle, one large block, the Dahlborg, at the corner of Main and Calmer streets, being pracically destroyed by the flames. In the block were a workshop, a store room and a blacksmith shop, all owned by C. F. Dahlborg, and they were wiped out.

TENEMENTS BURNED.

Two frame dwelling houses, one on Main street north of the factory and one on Denton street north of the factory, were burned to the ground. Both were owned by the R. B. Grover Company and their loss with contents is estimated at $6,000. Five tenement houses on Denton street and their contents were practically destroyed, involving a loss of $8,000.

One of the landmarks of the section, the old Drake Tavern, at No. 985 Main street, was partially burned. It is a lodging house conducted by Luke S. Elmere, and the damage will probably reach $4,000.

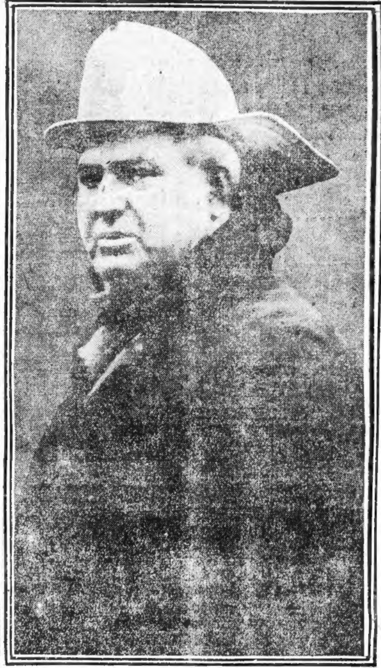
LOSSES ARE HEAVY.

The loss sustained in the Dahlborg Block will be very heavy. Among the occupants of the building are C. F. Dahlborg, hardware and undertaker; W. C. Keith, cigars and smallwares store; on the second floor, Mrs. Hilda Norling and family, who lost their all, the smoking room of the John Erickson Lodge, K. of P., and on the third floor the hall of the Swedish Bethany Church.

Fire underwriters will view the burned buildings to-day for the purpose of assessing losses incurred, most of the sufferers from the fire being insured.

WIRE TAPPING GAME HITS PITTSFIELD MAN

NEW YORK, March 21.—Rudolph Ganter, of No. 610 East Fourteenth street, and Harry Cohen, alias "Black Mike," whose number in the Rogues' Gallery is 5,859, were held yesterday in the Centre street police court charged with swindling Newton Wood, a broker, of Pittsfield, Mass., out of sums aggregating $7,000 by means of the "wire tapping" game.



FRED. H MOORE

SECOND ASSISTANT BROCKTON FIRE CHIEF.
(From Photograph by Boston American Photographer.)
He was at work in the stitching room when the explosion took place, and, escaping injury himself, remained, at the risk of his own life, to save the lives of others.

SAD STORIES OF STRICKEN HOMES

By Beulah Dickinson.

MISSING—JENNIE STILES.

This name headed a list of the unfortunate men and women who have not been heard from.

Yet Mary Jane Sweetland, eighty-five years old, who with Miss Stiles lived at No. 51 Market street, Campello, persistently refuses to believe that her niece is dead.

"Have you seen my Jennie?" she quavered to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter.

"Someone has surely seen her, for I know God wouldn't take her from me.

"Tell me," she pleaded, shading her dimmed eyes with a shaking hand and peering at the reporter. "Have you heard anything of Jennie? A man, a neighbor of mine, told me she was on the list of the injured."

SOLE SUPPORT OF AGED AUNT.

But Jennie Stiles's name was never once during the day on the list of those injured. But would the Recording Angel register a lie against the neighbor who lessened the shock to the gray-haired woman?

Jennie Stiles has lived with her aunt for thirty years. During all this time they have been all in all to each other, having but few near relatives. Miss Stiles was the sole support of her aged aunt.

Until Friday she worked in Tibbett's factory, but left there because work slackened.

"Friday, unlucky Friday," sobbed the old lady, "Jennie went to work at Grover's."

REAL SORROW IN HOMES.

Sorrow isn't parading the streets of Campello. The blackened ruins of the factory present a tragic and awful appearance. But the crowds there are chiefly the curious. Real sorrow is in the homes.

Just beneath aged Mary Jane Sweetland's flat lives the family of Harry Burgin. He is a clerk at the City Hall. His sister Myra—his only living relative—was among the missing. All day long he went back and forth between the Brockton hospital and the Campello police station searching for his sister.

When seen by a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter, Mr. Burgin sobbed convulsively, and between his sobs said:

"It seems hard. A year ago my brother fell dead at his table in a shoe factory. He had heart disease. Then my other sister died and now my last one is taken from me."

"I CAN NEVER FORGET THOSE CRIES," SAYS POLICEMAN GREENE

"The walls and roof of the factory collapsed all in a moment," said ex-policeman Judson W. Greene to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter. "I was standing on the sidewalk near the factory. Before I knew what had happened a man leaped from the second story window, right into my arms. He was covered with blood and screaming at the top of his voice.

"Then came men and women out of the windows and the cries of those inside were terrible. Several jumped down to me and I kept them from breaking their limbs. But those cries in the factory—I shall never forget them as long as I live."

MRS. CHISHOLM FELL FROM FOURTH FLOOR, BUT ESCAPED HARM

Mrs. Thomas Chisholm, who was at work in the stitching room when the explosion occurred, had a miraculous escape from injury. The stitching room was on the fourth floor. When the building collapsed, the floor sunk to the cellar. Mrs. Chisholm was not struck by a splinter. She was dragged to safety by Chief Marston before the fire reached that part of the building.

THE MISSES HICKEY MAY BE AMONG THE PEOPLE KILLED

Boston relatives of two girls who were employed in the Grover shoe factory are anxiously endeavoring to learn their fate. They are Miss Sadie Hickey and her sister, Miss Louise Hickey. They went to work at the factory as usual, but their friends and relatives have not been able to get any tidings of them since.

Miss Ethel Cahill and her brother, James Cahill, of Hotel Warren, Roxbury, cousins of the girls, hastened to Brockton to-day as soon as they heard of the catastrophe. Word has been received from them that they have found no trace of the girls. They fear that they are among the dead in the ruins, but hope has not yet been abandoned and search for them will be continued. Their home is at No. 832 Warren avenue, Campello. They have not been seen nor heard of there since they left for work. They were stitchers on the fourth floor of the factory, where so many lives were lost.

TRADE PAPER HAS STARTED TO RAISE FUNDS FOR INJURED

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

Superintendent and Foreman, the technical journal for the shoe factories, in this time of sorrow and bereavement, wishes to extend to the unfortunate and helpless in the Brockton shoe factory disaster a subscription fund, and asks all persons willing to lend a helping hand to send their mite to the Brockton Relief Fund, in care of Superintendent and Foreman, No. 143 Federal street, Boston.

All subscriptions received will be reported regularly in the Boston daily papers.

Boston, March 20. S. B. VAN NESS.

Fatal Boiler Explosions of Recent Years in America

Many fatal boiler explosions have occurred in this country during recent years. The most notable of such disasters were the following:

Thirty-seven killed and many persons injured at the works of the Pemberthy Injector Company, in Detroit, on November, 29, 1901. Loss $100,000.

Twenty-three killed and ten injured in the Park Central Hotel explosion, in Hartford, Ct., on February 18, 1899. Loss $75,000.

Fifteen killed and twenty-seven injured, Swift Packing Company, Chicago, December, 1902. Loss $16,000.

Twelve killed and fourteen injured, American Steel and Iron Company's works, Lebanon, Pa., January 6, 1903.

Six killed and ten injured, Loring Tannery, Woburn, Mass., 1895.

Four killed and fifteen injured, Kent Woollen Mill, Centreville, R. I., December 20, 1896.

Three killed and fourteen injured, Solar Iron Works, Pittsburg, Pa., October 2, 1885.

Two killed and one injured, Acushnet Mills, New Bedford, 1897.

Nothing equals Father John's Medicine – a tonic and body builder.

WHY MARCH IS THE MOST DANGEROUS MONTH

March is the most dangerous month of the year because the change of season is more than a good many systems can stand. Too often it is true that the sick "last only till spring." But, if the system is fortified, if the impurities are driven from the blood, and the nerve tissues fed with wholesome and strength-giving food medicine there is no danger in the change of seasons. Father John's Medicine is invaluable as a tonic in the spring. It strengthens the system and drives out the poisonous waste matter—builds up the body. It is this power that has made it so successful in curing colds and all throat and lung troubles. No weakening stimulants, morphine or other dangerous drugs.

$80 WILL FURNISH FOUR ROOMS COMLPETE

With substantial, up-to-date Furniture and Carpets.

Our Special Combination consists of

		Regular Price.
1	Iron Bed	3.00
1	Spring	2.50
1	Mattress	3.75
1	Pr. Blankets	2.00
1	Pr. Pillows	2.00
1	Oak Bureau	10.00
1	Oak Commode	4.50
1	Oak Table	1.50
1	Oak Chair	1.00
1	Oak Rocker	2.00
20	Yds. Matting	4.00
1	Sofa	12.00
1	Rocker	6.00
1	Arm Chair	5.00
1	Parlor Chair	4.00
1	Ladies' Chair	3.00
1	Mahogany Table	2.50
1	Rug Carpet	15.00
2	Pr. Lace Curtains	4.00
1	Oak Dining Table	6.75
4	Oak Dining Chairs	5.00
1	Art Square	7.50
1	Range and Pipe	14.50
1	Kitchen Table	2.50
2	Kitchen Chairs	1.00
18	Yds. Oilcloth	4.00
6	Shades	2.40
		$131.40

This Entire Outfit We Offer at

$80

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS

The Plimpton-Hervey Co
5 UNION STREET
Open Saturday Ev'gs Opp. Faneuil Hall

W. L. DOUGLAS UNION MADE $3.50 SHOES FOR MEN

You Don't Need to Pay High Prices for Shoes Any Longer.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more Men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement.

The reason W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it. Take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 Shoes are worn by all classes of men.

SATISFACTORY IN EVERY WAY.

"I have worn a pair of W. L. Douglas $3.50 Patent Leather shoes for the best part of three years, and have found them satisfactory in every way."
J. G. POOLE.

W. L. Douglas $2.00 and $1.75 Shoes for Boys are the same quality as Douglas $3.50 shoes for men. Boys save $1.00 on every pair over other makes.

Fast Color Eyelets will not turn brassy.

G. C. & E. Ell Calf always gives satisfaction.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is everywhere conceded to be the finest Patent Leather produced.

Write for New Illustrated Catalog. Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 Shoe Stores in Boston:
635-637 WASHINGTON STREET. 291 WASHINGTON STREET. | 115-117 SUMMER STREET. 69 COURT STREET. | 130 HANOVER STREET, below Washington St.

WORN ANGLE BAR RELEASED BOILER FOR MISSION OF DEATH

INSPECTORS FAIL ON OTHER THEORIES

Weakened Rod Believed Now to Have Led to Awful Explosion.

INVESTIGATION IS NOW ON

At the inspection of the boiler which caused the explosion at the Campello factory of R. B. Grover & Co. and crushed and burned out lives of women and men, nothing could be found wrong.

The presence of the back plug, intact, convinced the inspectors of the State Police Department that the explosion was not due to lack of water.

No breaks or defects could be found with the boiler covering.

Closer inspection convinced Inspector McGrath, City Marshal Boyden and an engineer that a weakened angle bar had caused the explosion.

An expert in the Boston office of the Ames Iron Works of Oswego, N. Y., gave this explanation of the uses of an angle bar to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter.

STRENGTHENS WEAKEST PARTS.

"The angle bar is known to the manufacturer also as the crow foot brace. It is an iron bar brace, bolted diagonally inside of the boiler from the side to one of the ends. The angle at which the bar is bolted is a sharp one, causing all angle bars to strengthen the weakest part of the boiler, i. e., the end seams where the end joins the circular sides. The greatest pressure is one at this point, and when an angle bar becomes worn and weak through rust, there is no protection for these weakest parts, and the boiler, if it is nearing the age when boilers should be placed out of commission, will burst at this point."

WORN FROM FASTENINGS.

On the angle bar for the time being interest in the investigation as to the causes of the accidents centres.

This steel angle-bar rod was one of two parallel rods fastened on the boiler plate of the old boiler by a perpendicular bar, and extending at an angle of forty-five degrees for a distance of four feet to the top of the boiler.

The angle bar rod had been worn away, a distance of two feet from its rear end fastening, until its width was less than one inch. The broken bar bore evidence of having been corroded and subjected to a terrific strain, and had been torn and strained apart as if it were a toothpick. One section of the broken rod lay on the ground, securely fastened to the boiler plate head by the transverse base bar upon the ladder. Its parallel angle-bar rod was bent into the semblance of a huge ring, but had not been torn apart.

Measurements were taken of the broken rod by Boiler Inspector McGrath and will be embodied in his report to Chief Shaw, probably to-day.

Sinister significance attaches itself to this simultaneous discovery by three investigators of the reasons of the explosion, since Charles O. Emerson, treasurer of the R. B. Grover & Company, in an exclusive statement to the BOSTON AMERICAN at 11:45 last night, admitted that within the past two weeks he had handed to David Rockwell, the dead engineer of his company, the statement from C. E. Roberts, chief inspector of the Hartford Steam Boiler Insurance Company, in which the old boiler, which was purchased from the Kendall-Roberts Company twelve years ago, had been passed upon as being in good condition in his inspection last December. This, despite the fact that in the year preceding the safety valve pressure upon the boiler in question had been reduced from ninety-five to eighty-five pounds.

NO PROTEST ABOUT BOILER

Mr. Emerson, however, also announced that Hiram J. Pierce, now lying seriously injured at the Emergency Hospital on Main street, just prior to the explosion had sent an urgent message to him, asking him to call on him, but it was too late to do so. He believes that Pierce had something of importance to impart to him in reference to events transpiring in the engine room prior to the explosion.

Mr. Emerson, in his statement, also declares that Engineer Rockwell at no time made any protest to him in reference to the old boiler being in a dangerous condition. He stated he could not understand why, if Rockwell dreaded this boiler and had so expressed the fear to his wife, he had never protested to officials of the company.

Dispatches to the BOSTON AMERICAN from Hartford contain denials from the officers of the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company that they permitted undue pressure on the old boiler.

Secretary J. B. Pierce of the company says:

"There can be no basis for fact in the alleged statement of the engineer that he was required to subject the boiler to an unsafe pressure, so far as the company was concerned. Boilers insured by this company are inspected and the amount of pressure to which they should be subjected is fixed. If a greater pressure is permitted by the engineer that would vitiate the policy. It appears from the dispatches that a change had been made to an old boiler while something was being done to a new one, and it would not be safe to subject a disused boiler to the same degree of pressure that it might stand in continuous use.

QUESTION OF PRESSURE.

"It is the business of this company to fix the limit of safety and an inspector would not authorize a pressure beyond such limit. He is supposed to know better than the engineer does what the limit of safety is. It is our business to protect boilers and not to strain them, and there could be no authority to an engineer to put on higher pressure than the inspector found the boiler could bear with entire safety."

There is another story as to how the explosion might have occurred. It comes from C. E. Roberts, manager of the Boston office of the Hartford company. To a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter, Mr. Roberts said:

"The fissure was in one of the lapped seams of the boiler. It was so situated that it could not be seen by the closest inspection, for the plates overlap the seams. When the boiler was inspected it was in perfect condition so far as human ingenuity could discover. Any boiler might be cracked in a similar manner without the fact being known.

"For this reason President Allen of our company conducted extensive experiments with the X-ray for the purpose of discovering this very defect when it might exist in a boiler. He found that the rays would not penetrate the steel plates at the seams of boilers.

"The actual copy of the report of the last inspection we made of the two boilers at the Grover factory is the property of the insured and cannot be made public. The boiler which exploded is the older of the two. It was inspected on December 28, 1904, and was not used until about the time of the accident. It was installed eight years ago."

"One can have all sorts of theories about the cause of this explosion. A valve may have been opened which threw the entire high pressure on the low pressure boiler, which, of course, was never designed for such work. The engineer and firemen were licensed by law, but if they were killed no one can at this time tell just what was the cause."

In a more detailed statement to the BOSTON AMERICAN after he had heard what the inspectors had said about the angle bar, Charles O. Emerson, treasurer of the Grover company said:

"I can only say that personally I know nothing about boilers, but that I placed implicit trust and confidence in the Hartford Steam Boiler and Insurance Co., which has been justly recognized as a concern so capable in its line that our firm never considered it necessary to call in State boiler inspectors.

"As near as I can remember within two or three weeks past I handed to David Rockwell, our engineer, a statement signed by C. E. Roberts, chief inspector of the Hartford Steam Boiler and Insurance Co., in which the old boiler, which was purchased twelve years ago from the Kendall-Roberts Company, was passed upon as being sound and in safe condition. I cannot now recall whether Rockwell returned this statement to me or whether he retained it. If he retained it, it is now probably destroyed. If he returned it to me, it is locked up in our safe, which we hope will be cooled sufficiently to be opened to-day.

NEVER HEARD COMPLAINT.

"It is true that this is an old boiler, that within the past year the insurance company reduced its safety valve pressure from ninety-five pounds to eighty-five, and that two years prior to that it had been reduced from one hundred and ten to ninety-five in spite of the fact that it was originally intended to stand a pressure of one hundred and twenty-five pounds, but, my God, if I had ever supposed that this boiler was in a dangerous condition, do you imagine that I would not have ordered it removed and another new boiler installed in its place immediately?

"I deny absolutely that Engineer David Rockwell at any time made any protest to me concerning the danger of using this boiler. I deny in equally positive manner that any other person or persons ever reported to me that this boiler was dangerous to use.

"As a matter of fact, the boiler which blew up has not been used to a great extent recently; that is, within the past month, because the Winter stress was relieved and we have not been using our capacity of 125 horse power to run our plant. The new boiler, with its safety valve at 125 pounds, has been furnishing us sixty horse power, while the Edison Electric Company closed a contract with us to furnish us with thirty-five horse power, which has been done.

IN FACTORY AT TIME.

"I have been in the habit of making almost daily visits to the boiler room. My last visit was on Saturday. At that time the old boiler was not running; the new boiler, aided by the thirty-five horse power, was giving us the power for that day. On Saturday I had a conversation with David Rockwell and he uttered not a word of the danger of using the old boiler, although I stated to him that new grates for the new boiler had been ordered and would arrive the first of this week.

"The only reason I can imagine for his firing the old boiler was that I had told him of the new grates, and that he had made up his mind to draw the fires of the new boiler and clean it out in preparation for installing the new grates. I was not in the engine room yesterday, but I was in the factory, within fifty feet of the boiler room, five minutes prior to the explosion, and was saved only by my being called to the office.

"Our property loss will amount to $250,000. We are insured for $200,000. I do not know what effect the boiler explosion will have upon our fire insurance. We will probably stand a financial loss of about $1,250,000.

"I do not know whether we shall build again, nor do I know whether we shall be allowed to do so.

EXPECTS HEAVY SUITS.

"There will probably be heavy damage suits by those who suffered, and it is a grave question now as to how much we are liable. I am the only officer at present able to attend to business in the city, as Captain Grover, the president of the company, is a sick man, while J. F. Hill, of Stoughton, the vice-president, is now in Cincinnati. I have telegraphed him, and he wired me to-night that he would be in Brockton Thursday morning. No action can be taken before his return. Anything the company can do to relieve the distress of the employes will be gladly attended to.

"It is true that our four-story building, now destroyed, was a wooden structure without brick partitions, but we had a hundred automatic fire alarms and fusible plug sprinklers. We were within the factory laws, although I freely admit that four-story frame structures of such size, in case of quick-spreading fire, are a terrible menace to those within its walls.

"I was with inspectors of the boiler insurance company with which our two boilers were insured for $5,000 each when they examined the wrecked boiler. They said nothing to me in reference to their investigation, nor was I cognizant of the fact that State Inspector McGrath and Chief Boyden had also examined the ruined boiler. Despite the fact that our buildings were built of wood, the fire insurance rates were only forty cents per thousand, which is unusually low.

WITHIN STATE LAW.

"In two of the large factories in this town there is both an engineer and fireman in constant attendance in the boiler room, but that is because of more work being required. Our having only one engineer in the boiler room was simply because we did not need any more help, and was entirely within the factory laws of the State.

"So far as Engineer Rockwell is concerned, he has borne a most excellent reputation as far as I have been able to discover. He displaced a man three years ago, who was discharged for intoxication. Since he assumed charge of our boilers I have received only one complaint of his drinking, and upon investigation I found the charges against him were unfounded."

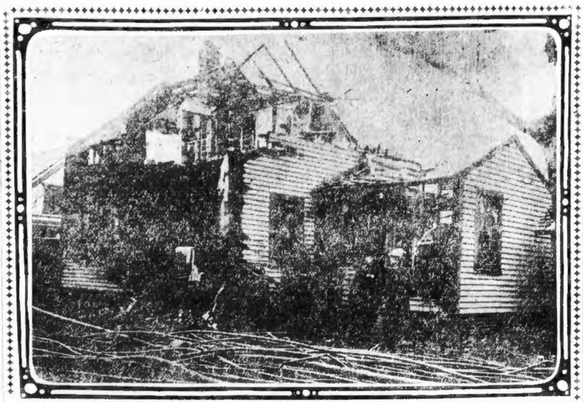


Photo by Boston American Staff Photographer.

ENGINEER DAVID ROCKWELL'S HOUSE, WRECKED BY FLYING BOILER.

CLIFTON ROCKWELL

DAVID ROCKWELL.

GWENDOLYN ROCKWELL

Dead Engineer and His Two Babies.

WIFE OF ENGINEER TELLS OF FEARS

Special to the Boston American.

BROCKTON, March 21.—"If my poor dead husband's advice had been followed, this awful thing would never have happened," said Mrs. David Rockwell, widow of the engineer at the R. B. Grover factory.

Her agony of suspense about her husband's fate has given place to the undemonstrative grief with which the stricken men and women of Brockton are enduring their great loss. Now that she knows the worst, she is bearing up as bravely as she can for the sake of her children, who can never see even the dead face of their father.

According to Mrs. Rockwell, the husband knew that the old boiler was not safe to hold the pressure required of it, and she says he feared something would happen to it some day.

Speaking of the possible cause of the explosion, she said to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter:

I am sure it was that old boiler. I know it was not my husband's carelessness.

My husband had long protested against the use of the old boiler. He had told me often that it should not be used, as it was not safe for a high pressure.

Only a few days ago he mentioned his fear of the boiler and wished that the company would buy a new one. He told the inspectors about a month ago that he considered it unsafe, but they did not agree with him. He also told the superintendent that the boiler should be condemned, as it was unsafe.

"They did not use this one very much because it was considered unsafe, and used a newer one all Winter. Recently something was found to be wrong with the new boiler, and it was decided to fire up the old one.

"Within the past two weeks both boilers have been inspected by boiler inspectors, for my husband told me so one night.

"David was an experienced man.

"He was a licensed engineer, and came here from Stoughton, where he had been engineer of the Plymouth Rubber Company's plant. He had held similar positions in Canton and other places.

YALE DEAN COMING HERE.

NEW HAVEN, March 21.—Professor Frank K. Sanders, dean of the Yale Divinity School, has resigned to go to Boston as secretary of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.

BERRY SAID TO BE FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE

Receivers Appointed for Property of Missing Man—Handled Many Big Trust Funds.

Equity proceedings in both the Supreme and Superior Courts of Suffolk County have brought to light the fact that Charles F. Berry, with offices at No. 23 Court street, who handled trust funds amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, has disappeared and is said to be a fugitive from justice. He has not been seen for two weeks at his place of business, and his associates protest ignorance of his whereabouts.

Judge Loring, of the Supreme Court, has appointed James D. Colt, No. 53 State street, a receiver of Berry's property, and Judge Sheldon, of the Superior Court, has selected Hugh W. Ogden and Augustus T. Jenkins for the same office.

Caroline F. A. S. Riverside, of Kilbrittain, Ireland, has brought the Supreme Court action. She is seeking to recover upward of $10,000, the estate of Mary Ann Fales, which, it is alleged, Berry failed to account for. Andrew Newell, co-trustee with Berry of the estate of Andrew W. Newell, has brought the proceedings in the Superior Court. Berry has had full control of the estate for the past four years, as Mr. Newell lives in Australia.

Mr. Frank Balch, of the former firm of Balch and Rackerman, with whom Berry at one time had his offices, says that if Berry turns out to be an embezzler, it will be found that he has been indulging in heavy speculations. He was known to be deeply involved in the affairs of the Static Carbonic Company, of Boston and New York, whose business is at present in a chaotic state, owing to litigation.

A number of lawyers, representing parties whose estates were in Berry's care, are engaged in going through the books of the missing man to find out where their clients stand.

UNITED STATES WAR THREAT TO VENEZUELA

CASTRO TOLD TO ARBITRATE CLAIMS OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—According to dispatches from Caraccas, Venezuela is still facing great international complications.

The Castro government has received a note from American Minister Bowen, requiring an immediate answer as to whether Venezuela is willing to arbitrate pending questions. The intimation has been also given that in case of a negative answer, the United States will feel free to take the steps necessary to secure justice.

In connection with these diplomatic representations the hurried departure South yesterday of the new armored cruiser Colorado, one of the most recent and formidable of Uncle Sam's sea fighting monsters, is regarded as highly significant.

It was first announced that the Colorado was bound direct for Venezuela, but denial by the navy department was later given this report, and the statement made that the cruiser was merely off on a tactical cruise to include Culebra and Porto Rico.

Ship in Fighting Trim.

The fact remains, however, that the warships sailing under the press of most belligerent details, including rush orders that stored her ordnance rooms with full supplies of ammunition and crowded her quarters with the pick of the navy's experienced gunners.

Threat From Holland.

The Netherlands, through its envoy at Caraccas, has also advised Castro's government that Holland is determined on coercive measures in view of the fact that she has been unable to secure the release from imprisonment in Venezuela of five Dutch sailors who have been illegally kept in prison for seven months.

CUSTOMS DUTIES TO LIQUIDATE CLAIMS OF FOREIGN CREDITORS

CARACCAS, March 21.—Venezuela has opened negotiations for a settlement with its creditors.

Vice President Velutini has been authorized to sign a contract with the German and British holders of Venezuelan bonds, pledging customs receipts to pay $26,000,000 with interest at 4 per cent.

It is reported that President Castro receives a gift of $2,600,000 in consideration of this arrangement.

PASTOR LOSES $1 A DAY JOB

PITMAN, N. J., March 21—An accusation that the Rev. William W. Gordon Jones, the twenty-two-year-old converted minstrel pastor of the Methodist Church here, travelled on Sunday trains is given as the cause for his dramatic exit from the church.

The Rev. Mr. Jones had come to Pitman on a morning train from Philadelphia, and had opened the Bible preparatory to opening the service, when Charles Lynch, one of the church trustees, arose and said:

"I have been instructed, Pastor Jones, to announce to you that your services in this church are no longer required."

The young man's face reddened. He opened his mouth to speak, but thought better of it, picked up his overcoat and left the church without a word. He walked from Pitman to Wenonah and took a train from there back to Philadelphia.

Besides the use of Sunday trains, there have also been charges involving neglect of pastoral duties. The Rev. Mr. Jones, on the other hand, has alleged that he has been under paid, and that he could not live on "wind pudding," to use his own phrase. He has been paid at the rate of $1 a day.

NEPHEW OF RICH MAN A SUICIDE

NEW YORK, March 21.—Andrew M. Griscom of Philadelphia, nephew of Clement A. Griscom, the former head of the International Mercantile Marine Company, who disappeared several weeks ago and was later located in Europe, was a passenger on the Atlantic transport liner Minnetonka, when she sailed from London.

When the Minnetonka arrived here today, Captain Layland reported that at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of March 16 young Griscom jumped overboard. A boat was lowered, but the volunteer crew, when they reached the spot where he was last seen, failed to find any trace of him. Griscom is supposed to have been demented.

Griscom had engaged passage on the Atlantic transport liner Minnehaha, which arrived here a short time ago, but he failed to put in an appearance when the vessel sailed from London.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

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To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, will do for YOU, Every Reader of "The American" May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease; therefore, when through neglect or other causes kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better, they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

53 Cottage St., Melrose, Mass.,
Jan. 11th, 1904.

Dear Sir:

"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use, and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water to-day, and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, I am,"

Very truly yours,
I. C. RICHARDSON.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything, but it promptly cures kidney, liver and bladder troubles, the symptoms of which are—obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale at drug stores the world over in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE.—In order to prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Boston Daily American. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

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MARINE RISKS LIFE TO SAVE 3 CHILDREN

John A. Kanas Rushes to the Rescue in Water Street Fire.

AN INCENDIARY AT WORK

At the risk of his life, John A. Kanas, a marine at the Charlestown Navy Yard, rescued the three children of Mrs. Annie Clarke from a burning tenement at No. 36 Water street, Charlestown.

Mrs. Clarke and her three young children were seated at the supper table when they were startled to see a tongue of flame leap past the window. In an instant they were enveloped in fire and smoke.

Mrs. Clarke groped her way to the street, where she screamed: "For God's sake save my children," and then fainted. Kanas heard her cries, and dashing into the burning building brought the little ones to safety. Other marines and sailors who were in the Sailors' Haven nearby did effective work in helping the families in the building, who were driven out.

The fire started, it is supposed, from spontaneous combustion, in the junk shop of Maurice Seigel. A broken hydrant prevented the department from getting a stream on the blaze till after a delay of several minutes, and for a time it looked as if a score of wooden buildings in the neighborhood would go. A telegraph pole caught fire, and the maze of wires falling to the ground, impeded the work of the firemen.

The loss to the stock and building will reach $15,000.

Early today the incendiary who is believed to be responsible for many of the Charlestown fires in the past few months, started a blaze in the Derby Desk Company's factory near Charles River avenue. Cotton waste saturated with oil was found along the sill and sides of the window. A little later another blaze was discovered in the doorway of freight house fourteen of the Boston & Maine railroad on Front street.

YOUTH OF 15 TRIES TO KILL GOVERNOR

Shouting "Death to Tyrants," Fires Three Shots at Gov. Miaseredoff, of Viborg.

VIBORG, European Russia, March 21.—A boy of fifteen, Mattie Hjalmer Reinikke, shot and seriously wounded Governor Miaseredoff, firing three shots, all three taking effect.

The boy is a revolutionist, whose father was sent to Siberia for plotting against the Czar. The youthful would-be assassin easily found entrance to the Governor's cabinet, and the instant he crossed the threshhold drew a revolver, shouted "Death to tyrants!" and fired pointblank at the Governor, who fell with a groan to the floor.

Rinikke ran forward, firing two more shots, one of them lodging in the Governor's left thigh and the other lodging in his shoulder, inflicting a painful and dangerous wound. Still shouting, "Down with tyrants!" the boy menaced with his smoking revolver the clerks who came rushing in, and gained the street before he was overpowered by police and the government employes.

The boy fully realizes what will be the consequences of his deed, but his only regret is that he did not make sure of the Governor's death.

GEN. KUROPATKIN SERVES ON GENERAL LINEVITCH'S STAFF

ST. PETERSBURG, March 21.—Gen. Kuropatkin, is still an officer in the retreating Russian army. The Czar has granted his request and the general is on the staff of General Linevitch. The announcemnt that General Kuropatkin is to remain with the army was enthusiastically received by the people. ?

Harrowing accounts of the excesses committed by Russian soldiers on the march from Tie Pass have been telegraphed by Russian press correspondents. One correspondent says the Russians pillaged the imperial tombs.

The council of war met to-day, General Dragomiroff in the chair. It was decided to continue the campaign and order mobilization. According to trustworthy information this dicision was based rather on diplomatic than military considerations; that is, it is preparatory to negotiations for peace rather than for a continuation of the war.

RUSSIAN REAR GUARD 27 MILES ABOVE TIE PASS

GUNSHU PASS, March 21.—The Russian rear guard, according to latest reports, is now twenty-seven miles north of Tie Pass, with the Japanese just keeping in touch without pressing the retreat.

In the course of the retreat the Russians are destroying bridges, the railway roadbed and highways, and carrying off stores and demolishing buildings and everything not portable.

General Linevitch has commenced weeding out the staff and other administrative departments.

The Red Cross depot, under the auspices of Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of Grand Duke Sergius, is doing excellent work.

RUSSIAN LOSS IN BATTLE OF MUKDEN PLACED AT 120,000

ST. PETERSBURG, March 21.—Complete details of the losses at the battle of Mukden are not yet available at the War Office, but the reports thus far received indicate that 120,000 men were killed, wounded or made prisoners, and that about eighty field guns were captured.

Almost every siege gun, it is said, was removed.

JEWISH WRITER HELD FOR CONSPIRACY

BERLIN, March 21.—The celebrated Jewish writer, Perez, has been arrested here on suspicion of being engaged in fomenting a revolutionary conspiracy. He had summoned a meeting of Jewish authors to be held at his house to discuss the position of the Jewish press.

LABOR NEWS

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL BOSTON, MASS. 96

Fred Bauman, of Omaha, general organizer of the Hotel and Restaurant Employes' International Alliance and Bartenders' League of America, is in Boston and is stopping at the Castle Square Hotel. He is here to assist in organizing the employes of every hotel and restaurant in the city, including waitresses and bellboys. He goes to Lowell to-day, returning to this city, where he will stay for about two weeks.

Organizer Bauman was met on his arrival here by Business Agent Frank C. McDonough and Edward S. Chick of Waiters' Union No. 80, and Paola Contestabile of Cooks' Union No. 328.

OPPOSE TRADE SCHOOLS.

Metal Polishers, Platers and Buffers' Union No. 95 has gone on record as opposed to trade schools. A thorough organization campaign of the different crafts throughout the city will begin at once, a committee having been appointed to push the work. An open meeting will be held next month for organizing purposes.

A committee was appointed to seek a permanent meeting place, and it was arranged that hereafter the shop stewards will make reports at each meeting.

CAPMAKERS CELEBRATE.

Overjoyed at the "closed shop" victory in New York, the hundreds of cloth hat and cap makers of this city left their work early in the day to celebrate. They returned to their benches to-day.

The celebration ended with a ball by Union No. 7 in Paine Memorial Hall. The Hebrew Bakers and Garment Workers' Unions of this city joined with the cap makers in the festivities. There were several speakers, who said that the result of the New York strike assures closed shops throughout the country for the 12,000 members of the Cloth Hat and Cap Makers' Union. The strike began December 22, when 2,200 men went out to fight for the closed shop.

The grand march was led by Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Adler, followed by Hyman Ginsberg and Miss Rosie Ginsberg and 100 couples. The officers were: Chief Marshal, Adolph Adler; floor director, Hyman Ginsberg; assistant, Jacob Segal; secretary, Eli Abramovitz; treasurer, Harry Gaffenowitz; chairman of committee, J. Kaplan; aids, Miss Bessie Fisher, Harry Cohen and Louis Adler; committee on refreshments, Hyman Goldman, A. Miller, S. Abramson, A. Miller, Harry Tobin, S. Greenberg, Mrs. Annie Miller, Mrs. Pauline Jacoby, Mrs. Rose Dublin and Mrs. Jennie Friedlander.

PLAN HELPERS' SECTION.

Plans for the organization of a helpers' section were further considered at the meeting of the Sheet Metal Workers' Union No. 17. Business Agent John F. Kennedy reported that he had canvassed the city and received assurances from a large number of helpers that they would join the proposed organization. A mass-meeting of the helpers will be held next Sunday afternoon at No. 9 Appleton street, when it is expected that the new union will be formed.

The executive board of Local No. 17 will meet Thursday night. Two new members have been admitted.

LABOR NOTES.

Vice-President John H. Winfield of the International Sheet Metal Workers' Union will attend the meeting of the international executive board in Kansas City, March 30.

James P. Reagan and Dennis J. Sullivan, who represented Bricklayers' Union No. 3 at the recent conference of bricklayers and stone masons at New Bedford, presented their reports to Local No. 3, which received them with favor.

Gilders' Union No. 1,020 has called an important meeting for to-night at No. 514 Tremont street.

A special meeting of Hoisting and Portable Engineers' Union will be held to-night at No. 994 Washington street for the organizing of pile drivers.

Car and Locomotive Painters' Union holds a special meeting at No. 724 Washington street to-night to act on a very important matter.

ARCHBISHOP IS RECOVERING

Archbishop Williams will not be able to leave the Carney Hospital for several days, according to the Sisters in charge of the institution. The physicians have ordered that he remain under the nurses' care for the remainder of this week. The operation Saturday assured a complete restoration of sight to the right eye. The operation on the left eye, the doctors say, may be avoided by the use of glasses.

LORD ROSSLYN WEDS AN AMERICAN GIRL

Special Cable to Boston American.

LONDON, March 21.—The Earl of Rosslyn married here to-day Miss Anna Robinson, a Minneapolis girl who began her career as an artists' model. The marriage was a great surprise to the friends of both the Earl and the girl. Both recently returned from Monte Carlo to London, when it was announced that they would together produce a new play. Lord Rosslyn was recently appointed secretary to the Secretary for Scotland, but the latter's promotion to the peerage threw Rosslyn out of a job.

SUPPOSED INSANITY IS "SPOTTED FEVER"

NEW HAVEN, March 21.—Richard Mather, a member of one of the local militia companies, who was taken from the armory in the belief that he was insane and who, it developed, was suffering from spotted fever, was in a critical condition at the hospital to-day. Because Mather was in the lockup at police headquarters, the entire place was fumigated as a precaution. The physicians of the city are co-operating with the Board of Health in a campaign against the disease.

TWO DROWNED IN MID-OCEAN

Fourth Officer and Carpenter Swept form the Sarmatian by Fierce Sea.

VAIN EFFORTS TO RESCUE

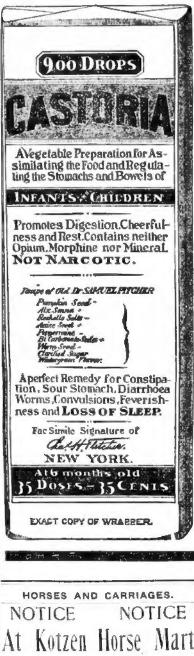
Special to the Boston American.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 21.—Fourth Officer H. Glover and Carpenter Muir of the steamship Sarmatian were swept overboard and drowned in mid-ocean during one of the fiercest gales the captain and crew of the stout ship ever faced. Glover caught the life preserver thrown to his rescue by a shipmate, but was tossed about so by the towering seas that he could not get it around him. He kept afloat for ten minutes in view of the crew and passengers before going down.

His shipmates made desperate efforts to launch a boat, but the storm was so violent that he disappeared before they had a chance to risk their own lives in an effort to save him. He was swept a mile to leeward before going down. Passengers say they can never forget the agonizing appeal in his eyes.

Both of the drowned men were securing hatches when a big sea poured over the bow. Muir and Glover were picked up like chips and swept over the rail. Muir went down at once. Both men had homes in Scotland.

The Sarmatian was nineteen days making the voyage from Glasgow. The fierce gale which struck her on March 9 lasted several days. So many seas were shipped that the hospital was flooded and a woman patient washed out of her berth.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After Suffering More Than Twenty-Five Years.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE

"Until about two years ago I had had piles for about thirty years, at times bleeding and very painful. I got a fifty cent box of Pyramid Pile Cure at the drug store, and used it and was entirely cured; got another box in case I needed it, and as the piles did not return in six months I gave the remedy to a friend of mine who wanted the doctor to operate to cure him. My friend said he would use the "pyramids" but he knew they would do him no good, but they cured him of piles of twenty-five years' standing. I am free from piles to-day, and have been since using Pyramid Pile Cure. I was Captain in the Civil War." James Adams, Soldiers' Home, Cal.

The majority of people labor under the impression that an operation is necessary in severe cases of piles, or hemorrhoids, and are very skeptical regarding the remedial virtues of any medicinal compound. Testimony like the above should certainly have a tendency to dispel this impression, although it is odd that such a fallacy should prevail, and still more odd that so many people should think an operation effects a permanent cure, whereas the contrary is more often the case.

Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 890 Main St., Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper. Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home. No knife and its torture. No doctor and his bills.

All druggists, 50 cents. Write to-day for a free package.

PERSONALS.

JEE-POAL—R 1392; Ladies' regulator; no failure; safe, powerful, no nausea; price $1.00; what women, young and old, should know, free. JEE-POAL REMEDY CO., 519 Main st., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS.

C. S. GOODING, M. E., 28 School, Boston—The only office designing machinery, soliciting patents, conducting patent suits; send for pamphlet; draftsmen supplied by day. Tel. M. 5146.

DRAMATIC.

SLIGHTLY worn spring and evening dresses, $3 and up. To sell or let. MADAM DEGROOT, 195 Pleasant st., 2 min. walk from subway.

TYPEWRITERS.

SAVE MONEY—Good machines; write or call. TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 38 Bromfield st.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

NOTICE NOTICE

At Kotzen Horse Mart

Cor. Everett ave. and Fourth st.,
CHELSEA, MASS. Tel. 276-1, Chelsea.
AUCTION SALE TUESDAY,
March 21, at 10:30 a. m.

One pair of grays, weighing 2,700; good workers; worked up till Saturday afternoon in the coal business, for the highest dollar. One pair of blacks used in the same place, weighing 2,300, little thin, good wind and good workers. One pair, a black and chestnut, always worked together, good wind and good eyes, practically sound, as nice acting as anybody owns. One cob, 15½ hands high, sold for no faults, party leaving State; practically sound, an extra driver, from 10 to 12 miles an hour, great actor, the party that owns him claiming that this horse can road sixty miles in five hours. One bay horse, 1,150, practically sound, safe for a woman to drive and work any spot or place. One bay horse, used by a private party in Salem, 1,075 lbs., practically sound, safe for a woman to drive; handsome; sold for no fault; this party leaving this State. Also about 40 head of horses used around the city and towns, to be sold on commission, weighing from 950 to 1,300. Every horse will be tried and shown to the satisfaction of everybody. Sale takes place at 10:30. Sale rain or shine. Tel. 276-1.

BLACK MARE STOLEN.

AND rubber-tired Concord business buggy, covered, painted black, was stolen from 43 India st., at 2 p. m., March 20; also one black fur robe, padlock and chain on same; one old dark-green woolen blanket, with R. S. B. in letter sewed on and one checkered light horse blanket; horse 950 lbs. weight; black harness, with open bridle, and brown rain-cover on horse; any party giving information sufficient for the conviction of thief will be liberally rewarded by R. S. BRINE TRANSPORTATION CO.

HORSES FOR SALE.

ONE pair black horses, nice family, hack or hearse team. Price ..00. I have more, as good and handsome as in this State; price $350; One pony team, $200. Come and see, if you want nice ones. F. C. LEAVITT, Sanford, Maine.

FOR SALE—Four 2-horse tip carts; $40 each. JOHN M. CASEY, 166 Ashmont st., Dorchester.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

AN OPPORTUNITY is presented to a man of energy and intelligence to engage in an enterprise based on recently patented inventions for improved heating and ventilation, supplying pure air to breathe, for cooking food without poisoning it with gas fumes, for instantaneously heating hydrant water in current for the bath, instead of having to use water that has been standing on dead animalculae and other rotten matter in stationary boilers; the three articles, covered by strong patents, are so far superior to anything in the line that they are practically free from competition; every opportunity for full investigation; free options to holders of stock in the parent company—The Consolidated Inventors' Corporation—and a nominal fee to others upon rights of all unsold States and foreign countries. Address or call upon ROBERT LAWRENCE, 39 Journal bldg., Boston.

DRUG STORE—Good business, elegant fixtures, only two years old; fresh stock; good location, Boston; owner can't attend to it personally and will sell low; see him. Box 1378, Boston.

KANSAS VERSUS STANDARD OIL COMPANY—We struck oil; need pipe line; shares 2c, par value $1; non-assessable; write for particulars. ROCKY MOUNTAIN SECURITIES CO., Kansas City, Mo.

SPOT CASH PAID (privately) for stocks, stores, any kind, anywhere. ALLEN, 10 Tremont st.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

SHORTHAND, typewriting, bookkeeping, etc.; individual instruction, day or evening; none too old to learn; call or send for circular. BOSTON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, 372 Boylston st.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

And self control taught privately; nervous troubles and insanity cured in a few treatments; call. WM. A. BARNES, 167 Huntington av.

MEDICAL.

W. H. PRICE, M. D.

144 Tremont St., Rms. 5-6. Hours 10-7; Sun., 1-5.

FEMALE SPECIALIST

The Doctor is a graduate of Harvard, is registered in Mass., Me. and N. H. For **ten years** he has treated **ALL FEMALE DISEASES without** failure. Private home, trained nurses, for all patients desiring to remain under doctor's personal care. Terms reasonable. Consultation free. Write me to-day. Our home treatment will cure. Send full symptoms.

LADIES OLD DR. JACKSON Office 233 Tremont St. Hours 9-8, Sun., 11-3.

Boston's most celebrated and reliable specialist in Female Diseases. Established over 60 years. Call and see me first. It will save you lots of useless expense. I will guarantee a cure for $2 or no charge. Call at once and get professional advice about your case free. Confinements a specialty. Home comforts. Strict privacy.

J. S. HAY, M. D.

Specialist in diseases of women. Registered under Massachusetts laws. Confinements taken. Licensed lying-in hospital connected. Advice free. Lady attendant. Hrs., 9-9; Su., 10-2. 218 Tremont Street, up one flight, opposite Majestic Theatre.

A. W. TURNER, M. D.

Office, 161 W Springfield st. Boston's leading specialist in all female diseases. Private Hospital.

Old Dr. Hall OFFICE 3 BEACON ST., near Parker House. Oldest established office. Regular physician; treatment safe and skilful; all letters truthfully answered. Hours 9-9; Sundays 10-3.

LYING-IN HOME.

Private licensed home; ladies taken before and during confinement. Address Mrs. MALONE, 668 Tremont st., Boston.

DR. GORDON Office 532 Tremont st. Oldest established and most reliable specialist in women's diseases; lowest prices. Hours 9-8; Sundays 11-3.

Dr. J. P. ADAMS Office, 175 Tremont St. **Specialist in Diseases of Women.** Consultation Free. Hours, 10 to 7; Sun., 2 to 5.

DOGS, CATS, ETC.

$25.00 REWARD.

INFORMATION wanted of a Boston terrier bitch, lost or stolen in Chelsea, in March, 1904; dark brindle body, all white head, cut ears, tight screw tail, one black nail on forepaw; answers to name Babbie; will reward any information. H 4, Boston American.

TALKING MACHINES.

TALKING MACHINES of every make, easy payments, $1 per week. If you own a talking machine and find you cannot get the selections you want, call on us as we carry the largest list of Edison and Columbia records in Boston. We play our records to patrons in amplifying record rooms and we guarantee satisfaction. PIKE'S, 41 Washington st., Cor. Friend.

YACHTS AND BOATS.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A 21-foot yacht, sloop rig, new sails and rigging, large cabin and self-draining cockpit; will sell outright or exchange for gasolene launch or dory. G. F. BROOKS, 367 Western av., Cambrdge, Mass.

STOVES, ETC.

RANGE SALE all this month; $12 buys a Hub, Crawford, Glenwood or Magee. ALBEE'S, 99 Blackstone st.

350,000 Signed Testimonials

For Regal excellence in style, wear and comfort. That's a fair way of looking at the 350,000 orders and re-orders for Regal shoes that come each year to our Mail-Order Department.

These written recommendations are backed up by two million regular customers who buy in the 93 Regal stores.

What stronger testimonials of Regal worth could we have?

They show that Regal proofs are *stronger* than Regal arguments—that honest Regal-tanned leathers and honest Regal workmanship talk more convincingly than any Regal salesman.

And once let a man experience the genuine $14 made-to-order shoe satisfaction in the New Quarter-Sized Regals —always $3.50 —we have his loyalty clinched.

"The PEG"

One of the snappiest models of the year. A great favorite with young business and college men. Made in Patent Leathers and Black Gun Metal, with light extension soles and military heel.

The New Spring Styles are in. Have you seen the latest Oxfords?

Send for Style Book. Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

Sold direct from tannery to consumer. The largest retail shoe business in the world. 93 stores in principal cities from London to San Francisco.

REGAL

THE SHOE THAT PROVES

BOSTON—MEN'S STORES: 169 Tremont St.
248 Washington St., Globe Annex. 113 Summer St., cor. Bedford St.
WOMEN'S STORES: 109 Summer St. 169 Tremont St.

AGENTS.

AGENTS—We have a Metallic Bread and Pastry Board every housekeeper wants; doctors say is germ proof; rapid seller; sells $1; you get half. VICTORIA SPECIALTY CO., 43 Tremont st.

HELP WANTED—Male.

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN on Massachusetts and other railroads; young men, age 20 to 30, strong, good sight and hearing; firemen earn $65 to $100 monthly, become engineers and earn $125 to $175 monthly; brakemen earn $60 to $75 monthly, become conductors and earn $100 to $140 monthly; name position preferred; send stamp for particulars. RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Room 227, 227 Monroe street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Registered.

RAZORS honed and set ready for use by an expert, 15c., two for 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Razors and strops retailed at wholesale prices. SHEFFIELD RAZOR CO., 101 Tremont st., room 501.

A CAPABLE MAN, with $300, to take active part in established business; knowledge of business easily and quickly acquired; interest on capital and good salary. S 2, Boston American.

A BRIGHT man for quick selling specialty. THE RUSS MFG. CO., 352 Atlantic ave.

A.—YOU can make $10 a day; pay every night. Room 31, 15 E. Third st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ANY person to distribute our samples; $18 weekly, steady. "EMPIRE," 4 Wells st., Chicago.

CARRIAGE or automobile body builder wanted; steady work. D. P. NICHOLS & CO., 7 Edgewood street.

CIRCULARS and sample distributors wanted everywhere; no canvassing; good pay. CO-OPERATIVE ADV. CO., New York.

ENERGETIC MEN wanted to sell full immediate benefit policies for the Columbian National Life Insurance Co., good pay and quick promotion guaranteed to the right men. Apply JOHN REED, Mgr., room 7, 1140 Col. av., up 1.

GENTLEMEN and ladies to gild tickets, best paying home work; particulars, stamped addressed envelope. DEVEER, 853 Broadway, New York.

MEN can make from $5 to $10 a day selling unbreakable glass lamp chimneys; can throw on the floor and stand on them without breaking them. C. J. & A. G. BROWN & CO., 209 Harvard st., Cambridgeport, Mass.; tel 1477-2.

MEN to represent us in New England cities and towns, selling goods to housekeepers; commission first month, salary afterward if desired. Write for particulars. H 19, Boston American.

SALESMAN wanted who thoroughly understands plumbers', steam and gas fitters' supplies; only those who are thoroughly posted and can come well recommended need apply; give experience and salary expected. Address Box No. 482, THE FAIRBANKS COMPANY, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Piano salesman, young man, neat appearance, good talker, able to show up a piano. Steady employment year round in a city 100,000 inhabitants 25 miles from Boston. Address, stating age, experience and wages wanted, P. O. Box 1897, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Good, intelligent solicitor to sell dividend paying mining stock; good salary and commission to capable man; yearly contract; reference. R. D. ROBINSON COMPANY, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED—First-class carriage blacksmith; experienced in all kinds of jobbing and new express work. ARCHIBALD MARTIN, 167 Pine st., Providence, R. I.

WANTED—400 cotton mill help; 200 cotton weavers; 50 families to start new mill. Write to CHARLES M. NEWTON, Woonsocket, R. I.

WANTED—At once, 10 paving cutters. JAMES BRODIE & SON, Iberville, Quebec, Can.

$20 WEEKLY easily earned (position permanent) distributing circulars, samples, etc. For particulars, COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Female.

ASCENSION SOCIETY, 6 Ferdinand st.

GENERAL, country, Summer, good wages.

GENERAL, 2 adults, $4.50; country now.

COOK and second, city, Summer and Winter.

COOK and second, together; country in Summer.

WARD MAID, hospital, light duties.

LAUNDRESS, small institution.

COOK for small institution.

AT ONCE—Ten ladies to sell my sanitary toilet goods; ready sellers, big profit. MRS. G. D. WILSON, Box 3,723, Boston, Mass.

AT ONCE—Well dressed, well bred and well informed lady for position of trust; must be industrious, quick to grasp details and with executive ability; $10 to commence, increased with experience. Call room 37, 15 School st.

EXPERIENCED, well-dressed girl canvassers to sell special rate coupons for a large photograph studio in a New England city; studio has no coupons in circulation. T 37, Boston American.

HOME WORK—$9 to $15, no canvassing, $5 to $6 weekly working evenings, experience unnecessary; enclose stamp for instructions, sample, etc. Address R. WILSON & CO., 603 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

I WANT to make 1,000 ladies a present of a beautiful mercerized petticoat for selling eight handsome neckties at 25 cts. each; state length of petticoat desired. V. C. KELLEY, 42 Winthrop st., Brockton, Mass.

LADIES having fancy work to sell, embroideries, battenburg, drawnwork, also to do order work; stamped envelope. LADIES' EXCHANGE, 34 Monroe street, Chicago.

LADIES—Devote 2 hours day to pleasant, fascinating work and earn $8 wk. Sample with particulars 10c. THE BRADFORD CO., Dept. A, North Reading, Mass.

LADIES—Earn $12 weekly preparing postal cards at home. Dime for plan, instructions. RENOWN SPECIALTY CO., 7 Cazenove st., Boston.

WANTED—A young lady as stenographer and bookkeeper in an insurance office, must be first-class penman; state experience and pay expected. Box 654, Sanford, Me.

WANTED—Stenographer, must be rapid; good position to right party; state experience, references, etc. F 2, Boston American.

WANTED—Girls, custom pantaloon makers, at 363 Washington st., third floor.

WANTED—Lady for hypnotic subject; evenings; 50c. per hour. K 5, Boston American.

WANTED—Experienced waitress. 114 Dorchester st., So. Boston.

APARTMENTS.

6 ROOMS; all improvements; new house; near navy yard. 40 Mt. Vernon st., Charlestown.

REFRIGERATORS, ETC.

FOR SALE—Grocers and markets; all sizes. WHITMAN & CO., 76 Arlington st., Sullivan sq.

SITUATIONS WANTED—Male.

AMBITIOUS MEN who are looking for opportunity to earn $25 per week, see MR. SMITH, room 1012, 101 Tremont st., Boston.

AUDITING or position wanted by thoroughly experienced bookkeeper, age 34; first-class references furnished. G 55, Boston American.

BAKER (German), first hand all-round worker, up to date, wants position in small bakery, city or country. MR. G. M. (BAKER), 125 South st., Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

BOOKKEEPER—Experienced double entry bookkeeper desires position with reliable house; first-class references. Address D 14, Boston American.

COMPOSITOR wants positon on ads or straight matter; steady man; used to country weekly; recently landed. T 200, Boston American.

COOKS, waiters, bartenders wanting seashore jobs coming season send address and stamp, Box 30, Packersville, Conn.

DO YOU NEED a carpenter in your business; will adapt himself to other work; references. Address P. O. Box 79, Malden.

FIRST-CLASS JOB PRESSMAN desires steady position. U 15, Boston American.

GENERAL MAN, Swede, wants position on gent's place; care of horses, cows, carriages, harnesses, etc.; moderate wages; best of references. L 14, Boston Amrican.

MARBLE CUTTER and finisher wants steady work; country preferred; letters granite; marble cutter. 5 Valley st., Manchester, N. H.

OPTICIAN and jewelry salesman wants work. D. W. SKINNER, 225 Summer st., Somerville.

SITUATION wanted as manager or head waiter of cafe in city; best ref. Y 12, Boston American.

TEAMSTER wants work, in last place 4 years; knows city. ALBERT ALLEN, Wollaston, Mass.

USEFUL YOUNG MAN at all kinds of repairs around houses; $15 month and board. Z 10, Boston American.

WANTED—Situation in an automobile concern; thoroughly experienced in the care and running of any machine, age 23; best of references. Address JOHN THORBURN, 12 Linden st., Brockton.

WANTED—Colored boy to shine shoes; $7 a week. CASEY'S SHOE STORE, 166 Ashmont st., Dorchester.

WANTED—Carpenter wants to exchange work with tailor. N 6, Boston American.

1,000 MEN AND BOYS WANTED DAILY—Shaves, 1c to 15c; haircuts, 2c to 25c. HALL'S BARBER SCHOOL, 814 Washington st., Boston.

SITUATIONS WANTED—Female.

ASCENSION SOCIETY, 6 Ferdinand st.

TABLE, noon waiting, West End or city.

WORK by day or week, housework.

GIRL, 17 years, assist generally or nursery.

GIRL, 18 years, second or anything.

GENERAL, neat, competent, $3; city place.

GENERAL (colored), home nights preferred.

COOK, small boarding house or family.

AMERICAN woman would like position as housekeeper in widower's family, or chamber work; best of references. Call any time during day. IDA STONE, 79 Charles st., city.

A GOOD smart girl would like offices or apartments to clean or work by the day. L. C., 6 Mason st., Charlestown.

A RELIABLE woman wants position as pastry cook out of the city, best of references. Address M. P., 52 Joy st., Boston.

A GOOD, smart woman wants position as housekeeper for gentleman or small family. 2 Ringgold st., city.

CAPABLE American girl; excellent cook; laundress; go city or country; references. 23A Blue Hill av.

HOUSEKEEPER, Protestant, woman 38 years of age, well recommended, wishes a situation where she may take full charge. C 39, Boston American.

LADIES wishing experienced maternity nurse, willing to housekeep during confinement. Address N., Box 174, Station A; physicians' references.

NURSE, experienced, would like position in doctor's office; age 30. B. C. P., 39 Taylor st., Waltham.

POSITION wanted by a capable Protestant woman of a number of years experience as working housekeeper in a widower's family; fond of children; reference. Y 11, American.

POSITION as housekeeper; city or country; good cook; wages moderate; good references. M 7, Boston American.

POSITION as single entry bookkeeper, groceries and provisions preferred; first-class references furnished. M. G. C., 15 Etna st., Brighton.

SEAMSTRESS, thoroughly experienced and reliable, would like engagements at $1.50 per day and car fares; first-class work and references. P 76, Boston American.

WANTED—Position in chemist shop (city) by young lady who wishes to learn the business; some experience. G. J. B., 290 Columbus ave.

WANTED—A position as working house-keeper by an experienced young widow; elderly people preferred; Dorchester or vicinity. R 44, American.

WANTED—By elderly sewing woman, sewing in family; will work at reasonable price. E 20, Boston American.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper in widower's family; no objection to country. MRS. FRINTY, 2495 Mass. av., North Cambridge.

WORK by day or hour, references. MRS. BUBB, 13 Edgerly pl.

YOUNG LADY, nice plain cook, wants housework in plain family. Z 17, Boston American.

FURNITURE.

RED STORE FURNITURE CO.,
28 PORTLAND STREET.

HANDSOME parlor set, mahogany, beautiful verona, $12; all iron National steel, best bed spring, $2.25; National all iron and steel sliding couch bed, 2 mattresses, 2 pillows, $4.50; mahogany Morris chair, claw feet, $6; solid oak sideboard $9.50; best solid brass bed, $21; all hair mattresses, 2 parts, $7.50; full line of furniture at factory prices; the only store in Boston selling factory samples of furniture at cost. It will pay you to call at RED STORE, 28 Portland st.

KEEP HOUSE—Outfits for 2 persons, with extension table and 6-hole range, $75, only $6 cash and $1.50 per week; or outfit for 4 persons, $95, only $10 cash and $2.50 each week; free delivery; no interest. GUY'S 86 Canal st.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE—DIVORCES.

STRICTLY PRIVATE advice and book on divorce free; prompt, reliable, efficient; references everywhere, success all counties in Mass.; lowest fees, easily paid; our only office. LAWYER CHAS. C. ALLEN, 47 Court st., Boston.

IF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE consult us on law and domestic relations. Advice free. 43 Tremont st., room 314.

SEWING MACHINES.

ALL MAKES—Second-hand, $3 to $10; new, $17.50 to $65; machines rented; repairs and supplies. ROXBURY SEWING MACHINE AGENCY, 28 Warren st., opp. Dudley st. L station; telephone Roxbury 934-3.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

WOOD PIANO CO.

ALL AGREE that the tone of a piano is the most important thing to consider. Before you purchase hear the tone of the pianos we sell. New and beautiful designs, Hardman, Gabler, Fischer, Poole, Chickering & Sons; all makes to select from. Our terms will be made to suit purchaser. Write us for our list of pianos little used. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st.; pianos of all makes to rent.

IVERS & POND uprights, mahogany and walnut cases, $180 and $200, slightly used. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st.

PIANOS TO RENT.

WE MAKE a specialty of renting pianos; all money paid as rent allowed on purchase. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st.

STEINWAY PIANO taken in exchange for new Chickering quarter grand; a nice bargain; price $150. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st.; write us today for list of bargains.

HALLET & DAVIS uprights; several of this make in stock; will appeal to any one in search of a piano slightly used. WOOD PIANO CO.; if you cannot call write us; 180 Tremont st.

WRITE us today; we will save $50 for you in the purchase of a piano; our bargain list comprises all makes, in many cases half prices asked elsewhere.

WOOD PIANO CO.

180 Tremont St.

BARGAINS in good square pianos; following well-known makes represented: Steinway, Chickering, Miller, Haines, Vose, Hallet & Davis and Briggs; prices range from $5 to $50; terms, $2 down and 50 cents a week; sixty good square pianos to select from. STIEFF, 207 Tremont st., opp. Hotel Touraine; est. 63 years.

$290 Steinway piano; beautiful, rich tone; new strings, new action, in fact, the same as the day it left the factory; list price, $750; bargain price, $290; send for bargain list. STIEFF, 207 Tremont st., opp. Hotel Touraine; est. 63 years.

$25 Gabler rosewood piano; original cost, $400; case in fine condition; will suit beginner; write for bargain list. STIEFF, 207 Tremont st., opp. Hotel Touraine; est. 63 years.

$265 Brand new Sohmer upright mahogany piano; agent's price, $400; our special sale price, $265; remember, not a used piano, but a brand new one; investigate. STIEFF, 207 Tremont st., opp. Hotel Touraine; est. 63 years.

$50 Chickering upright piano; nice condition, medium size; also another bargain in Chickering at $175. STIEFF, 207 Tremont st., opp. Hotel Touraine; established 63 years.

4 Henry F. Miller Uprights

Prices, $100, $125, $190, $290; guaranteed for 5 years; good as the day they left the factory; better see these tremendous bargains before deciding on your purchase; send for particulars. STIEFF, 207 Tremont st., opp. Hotel Touraine; est. 63 years.

RENT A PIANO 3 MOS., $6

Uprights from $25 to $500. Squares from $5 to $25. Organs from $2 to $20. Nearly every make to select from. Also a stock of over 100 new pianos. Write to-day for full bargain list; terms to suit buyer. STIEFF, 207 Tremont st., opp. Hotel Touraine.

RENT A PIANO—3 months, $10; allow rent within one year toward purchase of that or any piano you may select; squares, $5 to $50; organs, $3 to $35; uprights, $75 to $450; all makes; new or second hand. BLAKE'S, 564 Washington st.; elevator; established 1869.

$75—MY beautiful Henry F. Miller upright must be sold at once, rich musical tone, empire design, easy action and exterior show; absolutely no more; big bargain if taken immediately. V 13, Boston American.

FOR SALE—Upright piano, taken for debt; a bargain for someone; warranted perfect; no dealers. Mr. BLAKE, 10 North av., Roxbury.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO will be sold by private party for $60; reason for sacrificing, breaking up housekeeping. E 87, Boston American.

BOARD AND ROOMS.

BOARD WANTED by G. A. R. man; will pay $3 week. S 7, Boston American.

FRONT ROOM for light housekeeping; rent low; working people. 11 Warrenton st.

HUNTINGTON AV., No. 110, suite 4—Handsomely furnished large square room; hot and cold water; private family; telephone.

HOTEL SANFORD, cor. Washington and Brookline—Large, sunny rooms overlooking beautiful park, steam heated, elevator, etc. Inquire Suite No. 7.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING—Large square room, clean, respectable house. 83 East Brookline st.

RUTLAND SQ., 47—Large, sunny, front, square and side rooms, newly furnished; every convenience.

RUTLAND ST., 47—Square room, basement housekeeping, $1.50; square room, $2.50.

ROLLINS ST., 11—To let, furnished rooms with hot and cold water.

TO LET—Kitchen and dining room, furnished; front parlor, piano; front sq. and side room, bay window; connected light housekeeping; other rooms; $1.25 a week up. 441 Shawmut ave., near park.

TEMPLE ST., No. 25—Large front parlor, well furnished, furnace heat, $4.50.

UNFURNISHED—2 desirable connecting rooms; 1 front room. Janitor, 83 to 87 Worcester st.

WORCESTER SQ., 41—Large, well furnished steam heated, sunny square room, good closet, new carpet, fine location, $2; also large, well furnished side room, $1.25.

WEST NEWTON ST., 62—Large, square, front room, $3.

WINTER HILL—40 Montrose st., 2 minutes' walk to steam and electrics, comfortably furnished room in private family.

1 JAMES ST.—Front and back parlor, with piano; also square rooms; all conveniences.

2 HANSON ST.—Newly furnished pleasant side room, $1.50.

7 COLUMBUS SQ.—Fine large square rooms, just furnished new, with all conveniences.

10 JAMES ST.—Nicely furnished square and side rooms, overlooking park; summer prices.

10 MILFORD ST.—Back parlor, h. and c. water, heated, $3 weekly.

12 GREENWICH PARK—Front parlor and square room, h. and c. water, bath floor, with board.

14 JOY ST.—Steam heated, nicely furnished side and square rooms, $2 to $3.50.

18 GREENWICH PARK—Two square and one side room; private family.

19 JOY ST.—Sunny square room, near State House, fine location, $3.50.

20 W. DEDHAM ST.—Beautifully furnished front parlor and square room; $3 and $2.50; summer prices.

20 GREENWICH PARK—Front parlor and front side, well furnished, h. and c. water.

22 JOY ST., near State House, front and square room, h. and c. water, large closets.

26 W. DEDHAM ST.—Furnished rooms, suitable for two; all improvements; $1 to $3.

30 CLAREMONT PARK—Connecting parlors, h. and c. water, well furnished; rent separate $4.

30 GREENWICH PARK—3 side, 1 square, 1 alcove; light housekeeping permitted; $1.25 to $4.

31 CLAREMONT PARK—Newly furnished, warm rooms, transiently or permanently.

626 TREMONT ST.—Elegant front parlor, square rooms, closets, water; business or lodging. $2, $2.50, $4.

671 TREMONT ST.—A large steam-heated room, hot and cold water.

1485 WASHINGTON ST.—2 furnished rooms, with stove, for housekeeping, first floor; laundry privileges.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

A 17-ROOM HOUSE at Jamaica Plain; arranged for 3 families, with 3 baths; in good location for boarders; good repair; price $3,400, on easy terms. U. S. MITCHELL, tel. 674-2 Jamaica.

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Nine and eight room two-fam. corner house; excellent residential section; low figure; 5,000-foot lot; owner leaving city, wishes to sell at once. For particulars write E 90, Boston American.

CARPENTERS and builders, with good backing, can find one of the finest openings in suburbs, Mattapan and Milton. Call R. M. FRENCH, 31 Milk st.

NEW AND OLD houses for sale at a bargain; also houses built to order. Apply to OTTO OLSON, carpenter and builder, 630 Broadway, Somerville; residence 16 Spencer ave.; tel. 509-7.

WANTED—To rent, an attractive, comfortable, modern house of ten rooms or more, with stable and not less than one acre of land, within 30 minutes of South station; write full particulars; will return photos. T 190, Boston American.

CAPE COD FARMS—10 acres, undeveloped sections, $100; 5 acres, developed sections, $150; $1 weekly. HOMESTEAD TRUST, 24 Milk st.

$1,500—ON EASY TERMS, 6-room house in Malden, with 7,000 feet of land, fruit and shade trees. W. A. DUNHAM, 7 Water st., room 411.

FARMS—$1 down, $1 week; 10 acres, $100; good soil, plenty of wood. BARTLETT, 89 Court.

CLOSING OUT SALE—Acreage for hen farms, cheap, near Melrose. 76 North st., Foxboro, Mass.

FOR FARMS—House lots or residences call on HENRY B. VINTON, Braintree.

I PAY CASH (private) for anything you will sell, anywhere. ALLEN, 10 Tremont st.

HOTELS.

WOMEN TRAVELLING ALONE should go direct to the Franklin Square House, 11 East Newton st., Boston; cheap, safe, warm, conveniently located; rates 75c., $1 and $1.25 per day; operated by the philanthropic association known as the Franklin Square House.

WHOLE WORLD OF SPORTS COVERED FOR THE BOSTON AMERICAN BY ITS CORPS OF EXPERTS

Wet Grounds To-day Causes Champs to POSTPONE MACON GAME

BY A. H. C. MITCHELL,
(Staff Correspondent of the BOSTON AMERICAN with the Team.)

MACON, Ga., March 21.—This afternoon the Champs were to have had their first game of the year that savors of real baseball. They were to have met the Macon Club, a team which makes some pretension to class, as it won the championship of the South Atlantic League last season, but wet grounds put the contest off until Wednesday.

The Macons have not been in training as many days as the Bostons, but are in pretty fair shape. Of course it is anybody's game at this season of the year, but on paper the Champs ought to win easily enough if Collins allows his pitchers to extend themselves. Josslyn will start the ball a-rolling in the box, and if things go smoothly Sessions or O'Brien will relieve him after four or five innings.

Play Macon Again Thursday.

Another game will be played with the Macons on Thursday and then Collins will put his men against the Mercer College boys again. It would be better for the Regulars and Yannigans to line up as far as Boston practice is concerned, but the Mercer boys allow the Champs the use of their grounds free of charge, and they have asked Collins to give them as many practice games as he could. Under the circumstances Collins is willing to reciprocate.

Doran will start the backstop work with Josslyn to-morrow and McGovern will catch the latter part of the game.

A rainy day spoiled out-door work yesterday. The boys put in an hour or so passing the ball in a covered stand near the grounds. In the afternoon they played checkers and cards in the hotel, the rain keeping them in-doors. Shaffer, the first baseman from Butte keeps some of the youngsters interested with anecdotes of his career on the diamond.

Shaffer's Career on Diamond.

"I have played in every league in this country except the American, National and Knox County Maine," he declared, "and I have been in every State in the Union except Maine. If the Bostons find they don't want me, I'll shake hands and say much obliged I have had a very pleasant time."

The old timers remember Shaffer very well. He played against Lachance in Wilkesbarre as far back as 1892. It is a joke to class him with the youngsters. He is as old as Anson or there abouts.

TRAINING CAMP NOTES.

Grimshaw is the chasion checker player of the team.

Selbach got very little practice his first day at Macon. Collins is very much pleased at his fine condition.

The boys are beginning to want change. A week in one place gets in restless. Those games with Savannah are looked forward to.

Burkett and Selbach will try hard to out bat each other to-day, as neither wants a bench position regularly.

The players are sorry that wet grounds postponed the game scheduled to-day with Macon.

They long for a try on the Macon grounds, which are much better than Mercer's.

There is a possibility of a go with Mercer this afternoon if the Collegians show up. If they don't, it will be Regulars vs. Yanigans.

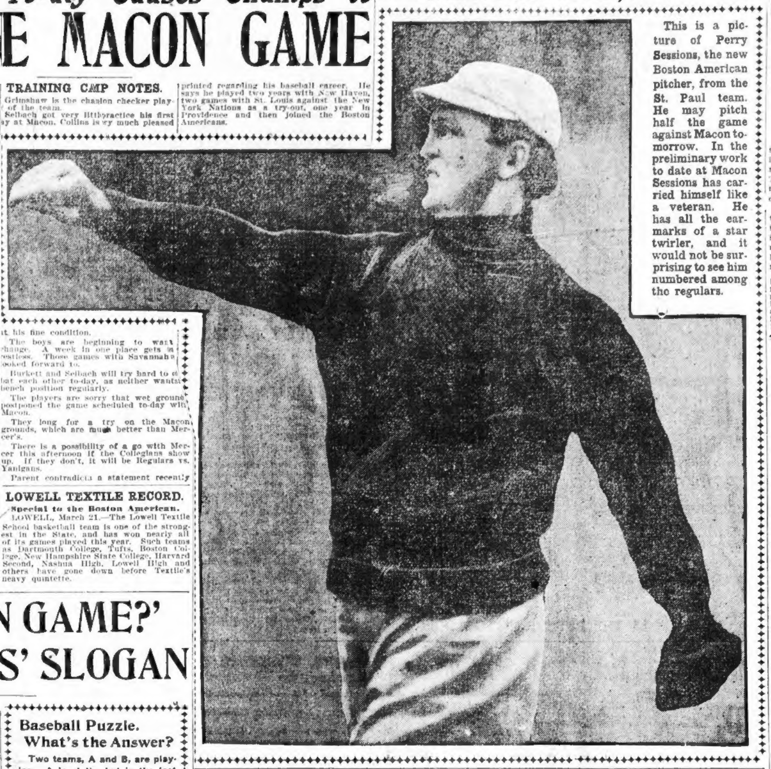
Parent contradicts a statement recently printed regarding his baseball career. He says he played two years with New Haven, two games with St. Louis against the New York Nations as a try-out, one year in Providence and then joined the Boston Americans.

LOWELL TEXTILE RECORD.

Special to the Boston American.

LOWELL, March 21.—The Lowell Textile School basketball team is one of the strongest in the State, and has won nearly all of its games played this year. Such teams as Dartmouth College, Tufts, Boston College, New Hampshire State College, Harvard Second, Nashua High, Lowell High and others have gone down before Textile's heavy quintette.

PITCHER SESSIONS, OF CHAMPS



This is a picture of Perry Sessions, the new Boston American pitcher, from the St. Paul team. He may pitch half the game against Macon to-morrow. In the preliminary work to date at Macon Sessions has carried himself like a veteran. He has all the earmarks of a star twirler, and it would not be surprising to see him numbered among the regulars.

ATTELL IS OUTBOXED BY WALSH

Special to the Boston American.

PHILADELPHIA, March 21.—In one of the fastest battles ever seen at the Washington Sporting Club, Jimmy Walsh, of Boston, outboxed Monte Attell, of California. The Hub lad deserved the credit of a victory, although the crafty lad from the Golden Gate often gave him as good as he sent.

Attell was clinching to save himself in the last round. The two bantams mixed it up in every one of the six rounds, and in some of the periods the milling was really of the hurricane order. The only knockdown was scored by Walsh in the fifth.

Walsh made a great hit with the crowd. He was a regular fighting machine. Never for a moment did he let up, and he was not only superior to Monte at long range, but also proved to be the harder hitter and a better judge of distance. Walsh is probably the best boy who has ever visited this city in years.

"BATTY" ONLY NATIONAL NOT IN GOOD FORM

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 21.—In its first day's practice the Boston National team got on the field about 10 o'clock and put in two hours of work, consisting mainly of batting, with about half an hour devoted to fielding. The new arrangement of the team looked very good.

Cannell is back in his old position at centre and seems to feel much more at home there. Delahanty, in left, promises to develop into one of the finest fielders in the league. The new man, Sharpe, is a long, rangy fellow, and handles himself like a veteran. Wolverton at third seems to have rounded out the infield to perfection.

Volz sent up word from Texas to-day that he had been suffering from rheumatism and will report as soon as he is able. Willis and Frazer still refuse to sign. The first game comes off on the twenty-second and the boys are very glad of it, as the routine of practice becomes so monotonous. All the boys are in good shape except Abbaticchio, who has quite a heavy cold, but not bad enough to keep him from working.

'WHO WON GAME?' THE FANS' SLOGAN

The supreme question with the fans these days is, "Who won the game?" It would not be surprising if many of the long-haired youths have already become gray trying to solve the BOSTON AMERICAN'S clever problem. Answers are figuratively arriving by the barrel, so popular is the contest. A few more answers follow:

Runs Into Baseman.

Sporting Editor:

The batter bunts the ball down the first base line. The catcher runs toward first, leaving home plate uncovered. The pitcher and first baseman also try to field the ball. The catcher gets the ball and throws to first baseman, but the runner knocks the ball from the first baseman's hand and both runners score.

R. W. DALY.
No. 34 Goss avenue, Melrose.

Ball Goes Into His Mouth.

Sporting Editor:

Batter A hits the ball to the shortstop. When the shortstop is about to field the ball it takes a bound and jumps into his mouth. There is no hit, error, assist or putout, and the two base runners score. Send the tickets.

JOHN F. DWYER.
87 Oakland st., Providence, R. I.

Batter Doesn't Run.

Sporting Editor:

With the score 5 to 4 with two out, a man on third and a man on second, the batter hits to right field, scoring the man at third and second, but the batter runs about two-thirds way to first, and knowing that the men had scored turns and runs to the bench, picking up bats, and all is over, score 6-5. By not touching first he made no hit.

A. B. RAYMOND,
No. 329 Cottage street, New Bedford, Mass.

Batter Failed to Run.

Sporting Editor:

According to the puzzle the ball is hit into fair territory, two runs are scored and still the batter is not credited with a hit. This would mean that the batter never reached first base. Now the batter may have hit the ball over the fence for a home run, and two runs were scored while he was walking or running towards first base. As the two runs were scored before he reached first he stopped continuing on his journey or he was carried around the field on somebody's shoulders.

ABE HERMANN,
164 Merrimac street, Boston.

Baseball Puzzle. What's the Answer?

Two teams, A and B, are playing. A is at the bat in the last half of the ninth inning. The score is 5 to 4 in favor of B. Two men are out, a man on second and another on third. The batter hits the ball into fair territory, but it is not a hit. There is no putout, no base runner hit by the batted ball, no assist or no error, and yet A wins the game by a score of 6 to 5. What was the play.

Readers of the BOSTON AMERICAN are invited to send their answers to the problem to the Sporting Editor. The first one to solve it will receive two grand stand tickets for himself and best girl for the opening game at the Huntington Avenue Grounds on April 21. Write on only one side of the paper, and send full name and address.

GARDNER READY FOR "IRON MAN"

It will be the real tabasco goods at the Douglas A. C. to-night, when Jimmy Gardner, the Lowell fighting machine, gets after Charley Sieger, the "Iron Man" from Hoboken, in the main act. These fast ones will indulge in no Summer jaunt, as they enter the ring for business, and there are no frills in their biff work. Both show the aggressive type and hit like trip hammers during rush hours. Jimmy is the best lightweight in this section and means to perpetuate the family name in his division, as his brother George has done among the middleweights. Sieger may have weight on him and several years' ring experience to back him up, but Jimmy is after the title in his class, and figures it out that he is to settle the matter with Jimmy Britt on the coast before many days.

DESHLER-ASHLEY DRAW.

WEBSTER, March 21.—Dave Deshler, of Cambridge, and George Ashley, of Fall River, boxed fifteen rounds to a draw at the Lakeside A. C. In the preliminary Joe Reed, of Lynn, won over Kid Burns, of Southbridge, in the eighth round.

CHASE WON'T COME EAST

Special to the Boston American.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 21.—Manager Morley of the Los Angeles Pacific Coast team opened the war of the minor leagues on the American League to-night by signing Hal Chase, the phenomenal young college player, who was drafted by Clark Griffith of the New York American League club.

Chase has refused to report pending a decision of the protest against the drafting. The Pacific Coast League claimed its players were immune from the draft until after November 1. Chase was drafted in October.

WILLIE FITZGERALD WON.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 21.—Willie Fitzgerald of Brooklyn got the decision over Gus Gardner of Saginaw at the end of a ten-round bout at the Auditorium.

HANLON MAY QUIT BROOKLYN CLUB

Special to the Boston American.

BALTIMORE, March 21.—The new owners of the Brooklyn club have got down to business with a vengeance. One of their first steps is the practical dismissal of Manager Hanlon. Hanlon has been notified that if he wishes to stay with Brooklyn he must submit to a cut of $6,000. His present salary is $12,500 per year.

"I don't want to act hastily in this matter," said Mr. Hanlon, "but I feel that I have not been treated with ordinary courtesy. Just as I am ready to start South with the team I am notified all at once that I am not wanted, for that is what the radical cut of salary means.

"I will have a story to tell the public at the proper time that will make interesting reading. The stockholders of the club hold a meeting in New York to-day and I shall be present.

"I don't care to say what steps I shall take until I know what the action of that meeting is."

"Mr. Hanlon, will you in any aspect of the case accept that cut?"

"No, I will not."

The Brooklyn team went South last night, but without its manager.

BROOKLYN NOT ABLE TO PAY BIG SALARIES

NEW YORK, March 21.—President Ebbetts, of the Brooklyn National League baseball club, said to-day that he had offered Manager Hanlon a contract at a reduction from $12,500, which he has been receiving annually for the past three years, to $6,000, at the request of the stockholders of the club. He said that the conditions in Brooklyn did not warrant the paying of fancy salaries to the officers when the club was making radical reductions in the salaries of the players.

He said that it was the players, and not the officials or managers, who made the game pay.

The conditions during the past two years, however, have been such that the club did not see its way clear to continue the fancy salary.

He will appoint one of the players to take charge of the team in South Carolina, pending an expected compromise. If Hanlon does not come to terms President Ebbetts will start for the South next Sunday to take charge temporarily.

AL DELMONT WON.

HAVERHILL, March 21.—Albert Delmont, the clever little Medford boxer, had no trouble in winning from Kid Stinger, of Philadelphia, before the Haverhill Athletic Club this evening, handing the Philadelphia lad the slumber wallop in the fifth round, sending in a clean, straight jab flush on the jaw.

AMERICANS TO PLAY BELGIANS

The draw for the preliminary competition in the international lawn tennis championship has taken place, and America was drawn against Belgium, France, Austria and Australia each drawing byes.

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HOPS WATER MALT ALE

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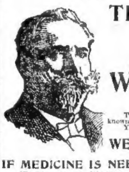
I take every case on the above condition, and I give a written, binding guarantee to cure to stay cured all diseases of men by DR. COLLINS' New and Marvellous Method. ☞Graduate of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, England, also Kings and Queens College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ireland; surgeon superintendent New Zealand government immigration; Consulting Physician Surgical and Medical Institute, Ill.; also graduate Harvard Medical University. I cure to stay cured. I Cure Varicocele in 5 Days. I Cure Blood Poison in 20 Days. I Cure Nervous Debility in 20 Days. I Cure Stricture in 8 Days. I Cure Gonorrhea in 3 Days. I Stop Emissions in 4 Days. I Stop Impure Dreams in 5 Days. I Cure Rupture in 25 Days, and all private Genito-Urinary diseases of men. No detention from business in any case. No surgery, no pain, no nasty drugs. I especially invite men to see me who have been disappointed of cure elsewhere. I never disappoint my patients. I keep all my promises. ☞Call or write and let me convince you. I have the experience and the only remedies that cure men to stay cured for life. Remember, not a dollar need be paid until I cure you.

Office Hours 1 to 8. Sundays 10 to 4.
DR. COLLINS
Medical Inst. 11 Berwick Park.
Near Hotel Plaza, off Columbus av., Boston, Mass. (All Columbus av. cars stop at Berwick Park.)



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DISEASE IS A CRIME AGAINST NATURE
WHEN HEALTH MAY BE YOURS FOR THE ASKING.
THEN WHY NEGLECT YOUR MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION?
WHY EXPERIMENT? WHY SUFFER?
Why Chance Yourself in Unskilled Hands?

Every ailment of man is today being cured in my office by my corps of Specialists.
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Years have been spent by our specialists in the special study of these diseases and their cure.

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Which is not now often the case, our surgeon has every accessory at his command. There is no instrument or appliance to be found wanting in our surgical department, and the skill of our surgeon is fully covered by our guarantee.

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We defy comparison with any medical office in the world. Our specialist and electrician has equipped these offices with every appliance known to be of aid in the curing of disease. We are abreast with the times, and are curing more people today than most of the physicians of the city combined.

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STRICTURE My seven-day stricture treatment is a wonderful achievement—the talk of the profession.

PROSTATITIS causing kidney ailments, undermining the health of its victim, relieved immediately and cured at once.

BLOOD POISON with rheumatic pains and spinal troubles, and all the consequences of this dreadful disease, cured forever by my system of quick-acting medication—showing results in a few days. The cure begins at once, as soon as you undertake to follow my direction.

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CURES MEN & WOMEN
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or in plain wrapper, express prepaid, on receipt of $1.00, or three bottles, $2.75.
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Fill your wants through want columns, Boston American.

Boston American WOMAN'S Home Magazine

How to Preserve Scalp and Hair

LADY Godiva was a singularly fortunate woman in one respect. She didn't have to worry over lack of hair.

Her crowning glory never grew thin or unruly or faded or became depleted.

She had no need for hair restorers or regenerators or transformations or pompadours or wigs.

However, Lady Godiva is dead. Few of her sisters have inherited her wealth of tresses. The American men and women of to-day are waging a constant war against baldness.

It is almost a rarity to find a really luxuriant head of hair.

There is no surer seller in the world than a hair tonic, with a strong backing of before and after photographs, and the endorsement of some well-known people to the effect that, "once I was bald, but now I am not." Hairdressers flourish on every corner.

People are eager to try every known remedy and discover new ones, which will make hair grow on a shining pate or keep in the scalp what few hirsute roots remain. Why is it?

There must be a cause for falling hair.

And if there is a cause, by the same token there must be a remedy.

What is it?

Should there be frequent shampoos?

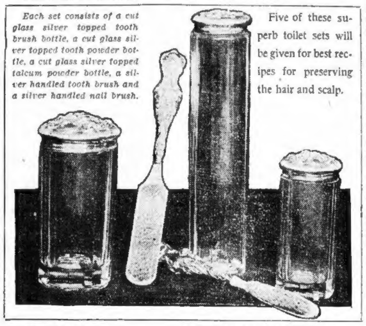
If so, of what?

If not, why not?

What is the best tonic for an oily scalp?

Send your favorite and most trustworthy recipe to the BOSTON AMERICAN. For the five best recipes there will be given five handsome toilet sets, exact duplicates of those which were given last week for the complexion lotions. If you failed to win one of those you have another chance.

Address Hair and Scalp Editor, BOSTON AMERICAN.



Each set consists of a cut glass silver topped tooth brush bottle, a cut glass silver topped tooth powder bottle, a cut glass silver topped talcum powder bottle, a silver handled tooth brush and a silver handled nail brush.

Five of these superb toilet sets will be given for best recipes for preserving the hair and scalp.

For Blonde Hair

Blonde hair must be shampooed with the yolk of an egg beaten with a little glycerine. Rub into the roots of the hair with a brush, and rinse the hair thoroughly in tepid water to prevent stickiness. When the hair is thin and soft and fine it should be brushed lightly, in fact it is better to loosen and lift the hair with the fingers each night. There is one point to be strictly observed, the necessity of clean combs and brushes. Expensive articles will not stand the treatment. Therefore supply yourself with well made articles that will stand cleansing in soda or ammonia water, but never in soap suds which soften the bristles of brushes and dull the lustre of combs. This cleansing process ought to be undergone at least once a week, without which you cannot have shining bright hair.

MRS. MARY E. DEALY.
667 Eighth street, South Boston.

For Oily Scalp

Wash the hair twice a month, but instead of using soap put about a half teaspoon of salts of tartar in the water. Rinse well. Apply the following hair tonic, which besides making the hair fluffy stops it from falling out and promotes growth: One-half pint jamaica rum, one-half ounce whole bitter apple. Break the apple into little pieces, pour the rum over it, and let stand tightly covered for three days. Then strain through muslin, squeezing well to extract all moisture from the apple. Bottle and apply to the scalp with a small sponge three times a week.

MARIE HENRICKS.
39 Lamson street, East Boston.

Sure Hair Grower

This is a very simple and inexpensive way in which to stop falling hair and cure dandruff, and will positively make the hair grow in a very short while. Wash hair and scalp thoroughly with a good tar soap every two weeks. When perfectly dry rub a little pure vaseline into the roots, rub it in well and let it stay. Do not put on too much as it will make hair look oily. Do this about twice a week and in a very short time you will notice a vast improvement.

MISS MABEL NELSON.
8 Van Norden street, Cambridge, Mass.

To Prevent Falling Hair

Castor oil, one dram; hydrochlorate of quinine, half dram; tincture of cantharidet, one dram; alcohol, two ounces; rose water, add up to four ounces. Shake before rubbing into roots of hair every other night. Part the hair and rub into parting with small square of linen. Make second parting three-quarter inch from first, rub into that and so on until entire scalp has been treated.

MRS. IDA BERGLAND.
5 Goddard street, Fitchburg.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Welsh Rarebit

Melt one cup of grated cheese, add one cup of cream and a level tablespoon of butter. After the mixture is hot add a beaten egg, season with salt and paprika and a saltspoon of mustard. Serve as soon as the egg is cooked on small slices of toasted bread.

Apple Tapioca

For an easily prepared dessert place peeled and cored apples in the bottom of a baking dish. Fill the core cavities with sugar seasoned with a little cinnamon and dabs of butter. Turn over the apples tapioca that has been cooked until it is clear. Bake until the apples are tender and serve with cream.

Sausage

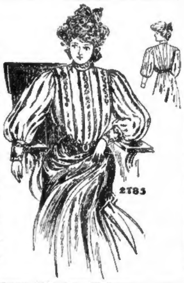
While sausage is not to be commended for a steady diet, good sausage now and then, especially on a snapping cold morning, is not an unwholsome breakfast dish. Link sausages are nice covered with water boiled a few moments and then browned in the oven. Another appetizing way is to cook it in cream sauce like dried beef. Sausage and onion make a good combination. Allow a tablespoonful of chopped onion to each pound of the sausage; brown it in the saucepan with the sausage and sprinkle over the sausage. Fried apples or apple sauce are also excellent addition to sausage.

Caramel Custard

Turn one-fourth of a cup of sugar into a stew pan, and stir it over the fire until it becomes liquid and brown. Scald a cup and a half of milk, and add the browned sugar. Beat two eggs thoroughly, add to them one-half cupful of cold milk, and turn the mixture slowly, stirring constantly that no lumps form, into the scalding milk. Continue to stir until the custard thickens. Set away to cool, and serve in glasses.

Hearst's Boston American Pattern

BOX-PLAITED MISSES' WAIST



No. 2,785—It is always an involved subject with mothers as to how they can most suitably dress their growing girls so as to preserve that sweet dignity of developing womanhood and yet retain the suggestion of youthful simplicity. The fashioning of gowns for Mademoiselle follows very closely the improved models for the grown-ups, differing in the choice of material and deft little touches, such as are seen on this pretty shirt waist. The embroidery on the box plaits extends to yoke depth, and on collar, cuff and sleeve plaits gives a very charming finish to a practical design. For a medium size this pattern requires 3¾ yards of material 36 inches wide.

Pattern No. 2,785 is in three sizes, from 12 to 16 years.

Send 10 cents to obtain this pattern, postpaid, and the size, name and address to HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN PATTERN DEPT., P. O. Box 230, Boston, Mass.

No. 2,785.

SIZE..

NAME..

ADDRESS..

IN WHAT COSTUME DOES WOMAN LOOK BEST?

MY LADY IN THE LATEST MOTOR DRESS

READY FOR A WALK

HEREWITH are presented representations of two of the many dress effects shown each day by the average society girl. In which phase, in which color of her prismatic personality, is she the most attractive? If you were to ask your friends this question or try to decide it for yourself the particular one who approaches nearest to your ideal woman will doubtless flit through your mind in a dozen of her most bewitching phases. You will consider them all; you will recall how charming she is in a morning frock, how attractive she appears on the links, or how smart she is coaching, riding or automobiling; then her dignified afternoon appearance must be considered, her ensemble at a tea or at the theatre, and, last, her bursting into full bloom in the evening at the dinner or a formal ball.

Through all varieties of dress and temperament there runs the golden thread of love, for love is as much a part of her as is her dress. Some man eventually furnishes both. Fancy her in the role of the domestic maiden.

Cure for Loneliness in the Crowded City

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

A YOUNG man writes to say that he is not long in from the country, that the solitude of the great city is killing him, and that he would be greatly obliged to me if I would suggest some "cure" for the "loneliness that is making his life a hell."

I am not a physician, either to the body or the mind, but I cannot resist the temptation to have just a few words with the young man in question, and through him with such other people around about here as may be suffering in a similar way.

In the first place, I am very sorry for the young person, or, for that matter, for any person, young or old, whose destiny calls him from the country into the city. The predicament in which such person finds himself is indeed a sad one, and he must have pretty good timber in him not to be destroyed by it.

There is nothing that is so depressing as real, genuine loneliness; and of all the forms of loneliness there is none that is quite so depressing as that which one finds in a large city.

To be alone in a great city is to be thoroughly alone—alone to the very marrow of the bones!

In the country, even with no human soul in sight, one can find company in the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the flowers and plants that spring at his feet; but the stranger in the city has absolutely no companionship. If he were in the middle of the ocean, or in the midst of some great desert or forest, he would be incomparably better off, so far as company is concerned.

The countless thousands of faces, no one of which you are familiar with; the resistless, matter-of-fact cold-blooded rush of the passing throng; the grim, silent walls of brick and granite; the smoke and grime and grind; the indifference, the heartlessness, the remorselessness of the whole thing; and in the midst of it all yourself, alone, unknown, unnoticed, an insignificant unit in an endless column of human figures, a grain of sand on the seashore—that is loneliness, that is solitude!

Yes, I know what it means, for I have been through it.

And what help is there for one under such circumstances? How is the terrible loneliness to be conquered?

To begin with, one must keep busy. Presumably the stranger in the city, come to remain in the city if it is possible, has some object before him, some work that he is trying to do.

Let him dedicate himself to that work, let him devote his entire energy to the object in view, and toil like a beaver, holding his mind down to his task, remembering the all-important fact that he is in the city not to be lonesome, but to be successful in the accomplishment of the purpose for which he came.

Incidentally read, reread and inwardly digest the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, put into English by Long, and that priceless little work, "Walden," by Henry D. Thoreau.

These books will help you to learn how to depend on yourself.

I may say, in passing, that, whether in the country or the city, one must, if he would live, and work, and win out at last, be able to draw upon himself for the companionship he cannot find without.

Pitiful is the state of him who has no world within, where he may live and thrive when circumstances blockade him from things external. To be able to be self-sustaining, when the exigencies of the occasion demand it, is the one supreme test of greatness.

If your loneliness, therefore, by forcing you to retire within yourself, causes you to be introduced to the wealth within your own soul, of which previously you were ignorant, you can well afford to bear it like a man.

But this does not mean that one is to court loneliness, and, by choice, to seek to live the isolated life.

We are made for one another, for friendship, for comradeship, and even in a big city it is not necessary that one should walk alone.

At first one is necessarily a stranger, but it does not follow that he is never to pick up an acquaintance, that he is to remain a stranger forever.

Look around. Speak, and some other human voice will answer you; reach out the hand, and some other hand will give you the friendly grip.

Humanity, down at bottom, is the same in the country and in the city; and in the city, as in the country, heart responds to heart and star answers star.

Be worthy of friendship, and as the grape comes to the vine and the light to the morning, a friend will meet you somewhere along the way.

Ought a Wife to Reveal Her Past?

CONFESSION EDITOR:

Is a wife's past her own? Is a husband's past his own? Why not? Usually the wife soon knows all about her husband's past, because men are usually so boastful, and vainglorious, that they would feel they had left something undone did they fail to impress their helpmeets with the long line of heart-broken, suffering women they have left in the wake of their all-conquering attractions. Neither are they loath to detail their wickedness. The surest road to a woman's heart, in the minds of most men, is the recital of what devils of fellows they have been until they met this last charmer. They beg her to influence them for good, and, of course, we try.

I know all of my husband's past that I care to know; what interests me more is his present. I think it interests all women more, and so far as my experience goes, it is harder to get at.

As to the wife's past, still speaking from experience, I should say that had I not impressed my husband with the fact that he rode to the heights of favor over the necks of a long multitude of suitors and old sweethearts, there would be absolutely no living with him. For you know men are so conceited and egotistical. Sincerely,

"M. H. W."

Brookline.

CONFESSION EDITOR:

No, a woman should not tell her husband all the secrets of her past life. Why should she? He doesn't unfold his past to her. Of course, sometimes he pretends to. What he wants hidden, however, doesn't often come to light. Anyway, before a woman marries there are any number of friends who will go to her fiance and whisper inside information about the past of the young woman he is about to make his wife. If what they say is true and he loves her, he will only laugh them away, if he does not first knock them down. If he spurned the information before marriage, let him rest in ignorance after marriage. There should be confidence between married people, but there are some secrets which should never be told.

Take my case. I was in love with half a dozen different men at different times before I married Dick. Two of them I cared more for than I did him. I began to get on in years, and when Dick proposed I just couldn't afford to look coldly at his splendid income. And as he was not a bad sort of a chap I said "yes," and we were married. Often he has asked me whether I ever loved a man before I did him, and always I look at him as if my soul was burning with love passion and say, "No, Dick, dearie, I did not know what love meant until I saw you."

A cold blooded lie. Yes; but it makes him happy; it does not make him unhappy, and why should he not continue in ignorance?

Instead of saying:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been,"

I would amend to:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these:
It might have been found out.

A BRIDE OF THREE YEARS.
Somerville.

ARE HUSBANDS UNJUST? IS YOURS ALWAYS FAIR?

HOW does your husband treat you?

Is he the same gallant, generous, courteous, complimentary ideal that caused your maiden heart to capitulate to his blandishments?

Or has he dropped the mask which he wore during those halcyon courtship days and come to look upon you as a matter of course, a being that, treat as he may, will ever be on the spot to cook his meals, mend his socks, cheer him and comfort him?

How is it?

The Editor of the Woman's Page has been led to open this discussion because of the number of sorrow-laden letters which have recently been written by wives who are not satisfied with their lot.

It is a matter worthy of investigation. It's worth finding out whether husbands are up to par or whether the quality is depreciating.

If you have a complaint about hubby's treatment, send it along. If you haven't, if you are perfectly satisfied, and life has never lost the roseate flush of the honeymoon, write about your experience. It will form a gleam of sunshine for the others.

Editor Woman's Page:

THE subject of divorce, the result of unhappy marriages, will never be bettered until the men reform themselves.

As the tendency of the times seems to be the outward expression of selfishness on the part of husbands and sons, regardless of the heartbroken wife, the grieved mother, there can be no check to this until men acknowledge what they already know, that there is no sex in immorality.

Women the world over are coming more and more to a full realization of this subject in its true light, and the inevitable result must be that women will demand as much as they give, and if this is continued to be denied them a social revolt will follow which will shake to its very foundations that heaven upon earth—the home.

The utter uselessness of trying to bring up our sons to be an honor to society and the futility of educating our daughters to be true and virtuous, to have their lives spoiled and their hearts broken later on, grows more apparent when we have as husbands and fathers men who so completely ignore these early teachings.

There is no use talking "reform" until the men are in the initiative by a much bigger majority than now prevails.

Concord, N. H. B. L. L.

NO DULNESS IN THIS HOME

Editor WOMAN'S PAGE:

I love the men. We should be grateful to them. They go out day by day and earn money so we can be well dressed and happy, and how do we requite them? By doing as Dorothy Dix does—rake them over the coals? I try and live the ideal way, or perhaps I should say according to my ideal. I get up in the morning and get my husband the best breakfast I can.

You know you can reach a man's heart through his stomach. I sit down and talk until it is time for him to go. Then I fly around and do my work and try and get a dainty dinner and have everything as neat as a pin when he returns. Then the afternoon is mine. I am always at home to get tea for him. If he don't care to go out I stay in with him. My life isn't dull for I always have something to do. I don't believe it is dull for my husband, for almost every evening he gets in his morris chair, lights his pipe, puts on his slippers and reads the BOSTON AMERIAN. He enjoys himself. There are entertainments enough if he wants to go out, but he says home is the best place for him.

Boston. "CONTENTED."

SCARLET LIES By X and Z, Authors of "Married to Mystery"

SYNOPSIS.

Stephen Holland becomes engaged to Mary Armstrong, the only daughter of Robert Armstrong, who has amassed a colossal fortune as a soap manufacturer. In the height of his happiness Judge Holland is mysteriously shot by an assassin, but before his death he reveals to Stephen that he is only an adopted son, and binds him, on sacred oath, to carry out his wishes as revealed in a document which is in a safe.

In his remorse Stephen takes Judith Mort, a friend of the murdered man, into his confidence. She plots to use this knowledge to her own advantage. She urges him to destroy the document. They search for it, but find it has been stolen. They decide to keep the secret together. He confines himself to the house and decides to break his engagement with Mary.

Stephen, however, enlists the services of the Mapelia police to find his father's murderer. Robert Tagg, a young detective, finds a valuable clue.

At a ball given in Armstrong mansion Judith Mort and Morley Darch plot to separate Stephen and Mary. Mr. Holland calls on Mr. Braine. Mr. Darch sees Miss Armstrong. The plot thickens.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

WHEN she had gone, the man stood trembling from head to foot. He was the prey of the most gigantic emotion of his life. He almost feared this new man that had risen up in the place of Stephen Holland—this man of iron determination, who had put all doubts and scruples behind him. Conscience was no longer sleeping, but dead.

Again there was the soft rustle of a woman's gown. He looked up and saw Judith Mort at his side. Her gown glittered under the stars, it was all covered with shining jet and steel; her face was deathly white; her lips made a red splash on it; in her eyes was a deadly purpose.

"What is the meaning of this, Stephen?" she began, without preamble. "I have been watching you! I saw you kiss Mary's hands; I saw her face as she passed just now. What have you been doing? You have been playing your part well all these days."

Stephen's face grew stern.

"Judith," he said, "you are my friend, but I deny your right to question my actions. However, I may as well tell you. I have made up my mind. I cannot give Mary up. I love her; she loves me. We were made for each other. I am Stephen Holland, and I am going to act as Holland would act—in every way."

"You mean to marry Mary?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Traitor!" she hissed between her clenched teeth. "You have lied to me—you have cheated me! How dare you go back on your bargain. You shall not! By Heaven, you shall not!"

Stephen stared at her in astonishment.

"Bargain, Judith!" he exclaimed. "I have made no bargain. Every man is the keeper of his own conscience."

"You have made a bargain!" she cried, beside herself with rage. "You said you would give up Mary Armstrong. If you attempt to marry her I shall prevent you. I shall tell the world what I know. I shall cry aloud from the housetops that you are an imposter—a fraud!"

'Judith, you would not do such a thing! What object could you have?" he asked, in complete bewilderment.

"You shall not marry Mary Armstrong!" she cried again, with increasing fury. "You shall marry no woman but me!"

"Judith, you are mad! You cannot mean that!"

"I do!"

"You cannot be serious."

"I am—more serious than I ever was in my life. Will you marry me, Stephen, and share your life with me, as well as your secret?"

"You must be mad!" said the man with cold scorn. For the first time he was allowed insight into her motives. In a moment from being his friend she became his enemy, and what was more a scheming woman to be despised.

"You refuse?" she asked, half choked with rage.

"I refuse—absolutely. I think you must be mad!"

"We shall see," she muttered fiercely. "I have given you your chance. We shall see, Stephen Holland, which of us two is mad."

With a mocking laugh that was

Hideous in Its Subtle Devilitry.

she gathered up her sweeping skirts and left him.

He was not alarmed. He looked upon her as an hysterical woman, but his mind was a prey to all sorts of perplexing and uneasy thoughts.

He was left alone some time; the cotillion lasted a long while. At last his patience got the better of him and he walked swiftly toward the saloon. At the door he met Morley Darch, who laid his hand lightly on his arm.

"I was looking for you, Holland," he said with exaggerated friendliness. "Our good host wants to see you in the smoking room."

Holland went at once to obey the summons, and Darch looked after him with a gleam of malignant enmity in his eyes.

Stephen was glad of an opportunity to talk with Armstrong. He would ask him then and there if the millionaire would consent to a quiet and immediate marriage between Mary Armstrong and himself. Now that he had made up his mind, he was in a fever to get it over, so that there could be no going back, and for all the rest of his days he could call Mary his wife, indissolubly his own.

Armstrong was alone in the handsome smoking room. When Holland entered the millionnaire arose and shut the door. He did not ask the young man to sit down, but came and stood quite close to him, rigid, erect, with an expression of solemnity on his hard face that Stephen had never seen before. The steely eyes seemed to pierce him through and through.

"Stephen," said Armstrong, in his low, distinct voice, "I have sent for you because I have heard something that is too incredible for belief. If I were not a temperance man I should think I had drunk too much, or that I had drugged myself, and was dreaming. Stephen, on your solemn word of honor as honest as the man who is to marry my daughter, I want you to answer me one question."

Stephen paled. There was something so mysterious in this solemn challenge. Wild thoughts flashed through his brain. For one moment he felt the unnerving

Fear of a Guilty Man

arraigned before the throne of justice. Then he controlled himself with a mighty effort, and said quietly:

"I don't understand you, sir. What assurance is it that you require of me?"

"On your solemn word of honor," repeated Armstrong with his probing, steely, magnetic eyes fixed on the young man's face, "tell me this—are you, or are you not, the true Stephen Holland?"

For a moment Stephen stood as if turned to stone and rooted to the spot. Then, more than at any time during his whole life, he blessed the training of his youth and of his profession that had made his face into a mask.

Armstrong's eyes pierced him through and through. Those steely eyes could see through anything. They had read the faces of most men, and surprised not a few well-kept guilty secrets among the army of those who worked for him. But in Stephen's face they read nothing. A quiet bewilderment was expressed on it; that was all.

The great man's voice again broke the silence. There was a different sound in it; the solemn firmness was gone.

"Stephen, are you, or are you not, the true Stephen Holland?" Then he broke off; his eyes wandered from Stephen's face; he shrugged his shoulders. "It sounds mad," he muttered impatiently—"mad and incredible."

"It does sound mad and incredible," was Holland's slow retort.

"Stephen, forgive me if I press the question"——

"I am too bewildered," said Holland, "to know quite what we are talking about. If you will explain yourself, sir. Someone, I suppose, has been telling you some wild and to me totally incomprehensible story. But"——

"Stephen!" interrupted the millionaire. His voice was now almost piteous. "I must appear unreasonable to you; but humor me. I am an old man, and I have a great respect for you, and I will take your word of honor before anything in the world."

Holland understood. This was required of him, his word of honor, and he had not yet given it. Armstrong trusted him. He was of the people himself, but he believed in the grand old tradition of noblesse oblige. He would never doubt Holland's word. He would take it, he had said, before anything in the world.

Stephen straightened himself, squared his shoulders and looked the millionaire

Full in the Eyes.

"On my word of honor," he said quietly, "I am Stephen Holland."

Armstrong heaved a great sigh of relief and held out his hand.

At that moment the gypsy band on deck struck up another tune, full of rapturous gayety. Suddenly Stephen flushed, the blood pulsed fiercely in his veins; the intoxicating music represented all that he had chosen. The thing was done now, and could not be undone. He was Stephen Holland because he had made himself Stephen Holland. It had come to him as he stood beside Mary Armstrong under the star-spangled sky; he knew then that he could not give her up.

The irresistible, mighty and all-conquering tide of love had picked up his barque of life and was now bearing it on a journey that had begun with a lie, and might end Heaven alone knew where. But it was stronger than he. He could not give up Mary, and it was only as Stephen Holland that he could have her for his own. And he meant to have her and hold her, and fight the world for her, if need be.

He crushed Armstrong's hand in a grip of steel, and the two men looked hard at each other, and again the millionaire could see nothing in the young man's eyes but truth.

"And now," said Holland, "will you not explain, sir?"

"I'm sorry," Armstrong repeated, "but I'm not at liberty to say anything. However," he added, with a cheerfulness too boisterous to be natural to him, "the whole thing is done with. You have completely set my mind at rest. I am going to look upon the whole thing as an ugly dream. And I'm very grateful to you, Stephen, my boy, for not flying into a fury, or laughing at me as a credulous listener to old wives' tales."

The mystery was to remain unexplained. Not that there was much mystery about the matter, as far as Stephen was concerned. He passed in rapid mental review the events of that night, and concluded that this was the work of Judith Mort. There could be no doubt about it. After her extraordinary demand to make her his wife as the price of her silence, which had been met by his scornful refusal, she had had plenty of time to seek out her host and, either by hint and innuendo or in plain language, supply him with the startling information that had led him to ask the fiance of his daughter on his solemn word of honor whether he was really the man he pretended to be.

There was no other living soul who could have done this except the mysterious person who stole the papers out of the little safe in the library at Holland Holme, and it was highly unlikely that coincidence could stretch its arm so far as to bring that individual, whoever he might be, on board Armstrong's yacht.

No; this was obviously the revengeful hand of Judith Mort. But what exercised Holland's mind most was how much she words, "He is not Stephen Holland; he is an imposter, and he knows it," or had she only mysteriously hinted that he was not what he seemed?

It was all intensely unsatisfactory, puzzling and disturbing to no small degree. He had to be content with the fact that on the face of it Armstrong was satisfied. But he wanted to know more; he wanted to know everything; and he determined there and then to tackle Judith on the first opportunity.

Meanwhile, although a less bold man might have found the occasion scarcely propitious, he plunged at once into the subject which had been in his mind when first summoned into the millionaire's presence.

"I wanted to ask your consent, sir," he said, "to our immediate marriage."

"Immediate?" echoed Armstrong. "You want to marry Mary at once?"

"Yes." Stephen's voice grew eager. He felt now that he would never know a moment's peace until Mary was his wife. "You see, sir," he went on, "it would have to be a quiet wedding, and—well, I am all alone now. You will not refuse"—

"Well, I don't know," began Armstrong uncertainly; and then Stephen saw his face change into its familiar lines of unalterable determination. Whether there was some lurking doubt in his mind, the young man could not tell. Armstrong's next words were plausible, and for a man in his position, natural enough.

"No, Stephen," he said, shaking his head, "that won't do. As you say, if you were married now it would have to be a very quiet affair, owing to your poor father's recent death. And I don't want any quiet wedding. You see, she is the only one. We haven't got another girl to marry. And I mean it to be the grandest wedding that has ever been known—in the Cathedral, my boy—with the Four Hundred there and half the rest of the world. Good heavens, you wouldn't give the girl time to get a few frocks together, and I mean her to have a trousseau fit for a princess; and already my agents are ransacking the jewel chests of Europe."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LAST NIGHT AT THE THEATRES

"THE FILIBUSTER" AT THE MAJESTIC

A lot of tuneful, jingling, catchy songs—the kind that echo for long afterward from the whistlers on the streets; a lot of pretty girls—at least 80 per cent. of the total number; a lot of good soloists—not a really bad one, in fact; a strong chorus—able to sing and dance, willing to sing and dance, and well trained; a lot of good dancing—of the kind that induces repeated encores; and a lot of good scenery—well designed, well painted and well set; these things form ingredients for the concoction of a successful comic opera that must make for success even if the book isn't the best ever written. And these things are all present in "The Filibuster," which received its first professional presentation (barring one or two dress rehearsals in towns where they "try them on the dog") at the Majestic Theatre, last evening.

The bank clerks were present, too. They played "The Filibuster" a few weeks ago, at another theatre, and they turned out in force last evening, filling the first three rows, downstairs, to enjoy the performance and encourage the performers.

They succeeded in both, attracting as much attention as the play, almost. They cheered the entrance of principals and chorus impartially. They sang in the choruses; they whistled the solos; they threw bunches of flowers and miles of ticker tape, a la confetti; they laughed at every joke and doubly appreciated every point, and they never made nuisances of themselves, as volunteer assistants are so likely to do at a show that pleases them.

The audience was tremendously enthusiastic, and encores ran from two to ten for every number, with the result that the final curtain didn't fall until long after eleven. It is only fair to say that the company deserved the recognition it secured, for a more earnest, harder working cast and chorus never smiled across the footlights at the plaudits of a delighted audience.

Everybody got his or her share of the applause, and earned it, for while there are no people on the bills known between the oceans as stars, there are a score or more that bid fair to be twinklers of a high magnitude if they keep on working as hard and succeeding as well as to-day. It is an extremely well balanced company.

Louise Gunning is the bright, particular leader of the "galaxy of stage beauties"—to borrow a phrase from the great Tody Hamilton. Miss Ethel Johnson, a bright young woman with bewitching ways that remind one of Emma Francis—and yet are different—was her close second, while Miss Edna Fassett sang very delightfully in the solo which fell to her share.

IT'S "TERENCE" AT THE BOSTON

It was a night of merry laughter, innocent fun, sincere heart interest and momentary sun-showers of quickly vanishing tears last evening at the Boston Theatre, when Chauncey Olcott and his excellent company presented his most successful play, "Terence," before a large and highly pleased audience. The piece will run through this week and should be greeted by big crowds nightly.

This charming picture of life and character in Ireland, dramatized by Mrs. Edmund Nash Morgan from Mrs. B. M. Croker's novel, shows Mr. Olcott at his best, as it gives abundant scope not only for his fine singing of delightful Irish melodies, but also for a display of his rare and versatile dramatic ability.

It is not a mere string of loosely related and unimportant incidents on which Mr. Olcott's songs may be hung, but it is a lively, forcible, and at times deeply stirring story, with an interesting plot, clearly drawn and life-like characters and strongly dramatic climaxes.

Of course, Terence, the whole-souled, happy-hearted coach driver, beloved of children and all good people in Ballybay; Terence, the loyal friend, dashing lover and courtly "Prince of Desmond," is the main thing in the drama, and Mr. Olcott makes it easy to understand why everyone adored him. But the trials and setbacks and triumphs through which Terence overcomes the crafty and villainous lawyer, wins the girl of his heart and at last comes to his own as possessor of the Desmond estates, require the aid of other interesting personages, and it is abundantly supplied by Mr. Olcott's associates.

"AFTER MIDNIGHT" AT THE GRAND

"After Midnight" was presented at the Grand Opera House in the presence of an audience that was as enthusiastic as it was large. Both play and company won the favor of the audience very early in the evening, and the leading members shared nearly equally in the applause.

Jack Webster made a hit with the audience as the hero, James Livingston, W. F. Canfield was good as Robert Livingston, Paul Scott was excellent as Silas Morris, George H. Whitman was very amusing as Isadore Lavinsky, Alice Meredith was much liked as the heroine, and Ella Beidini was excellent as the adventuress.

"The Queen of the White Slaves" is announced for next week at the Grand.

Austin & Stone's Museum.

Big crowds were attracted to Austin & Stone's Museum yesterday by the announcement of the appearance of Charles F. Gilpatrick, the ossified man from Maine, and the curio hall was packed all through the day and evening. Although his circulation is perfect and his flesh is soft to the touch, the body of this personage is as rigid as a stone image. All his joints are absolutely stiff, and it is even necessary to feed him through an aperture created by the removal of five teeth.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" AT THE COLONIAL

The latest imported London Drury Lane spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty," was given its first Boston presentation last night at the Colonial Theatre. The house was crowded, and the audience found [illegible] to applaud and indulged itself accordingly.

"Humpty Dumpty" was written originally by J. Hickory Wood—how did he ever come to be afflicted with such a name?—and Arthur Collins. Then it was adapted to the American stage by John J. McNally. When you come to think of it, it does not seem as if all together had to work very hard, for the book of the play is less in evidence than any of its other components. Most of the evening was filled up with stage pictures, dancing and music, written mostly by Fred Solomon, a couple of Johnsons and Bob Cole.

The stage pictures are the big feature of "Humpty Dumpty." The number of them is almost beyond computation. One scene follows another in rapid succession, and nearly every one is embellished with a chorus that crowds the stage. There are sixteen of these pictures altogether, and to describe them adequately would require of one the command of the vocabulary of a circus press agent. They glitter with light and blaze with color, and represent about everything from a tropical landscape to the realms beneath the sea. The costumes of the chorus are of the kind commonly referred to as gorgeous, and we are informed that there are seventeen hundred of them worn during the course of the evening.

It would require a column to enumerate the many features of "Humpty Dumpty." It is the sort of show that pleases grown-ups and sends children wild with delight, and is likely to crowd the Colonial for some time to come.

"IN DAHOMEY" AT THE GLOBE

German opera goes in Boston—"Nein," says Herr Direktor Conried.

But colored opera, Williams and Walker and their dusky artists?

Does it still go in Boston?

"Shu-ah!"

"In Dahomey," the new and up-to-date version, packed the Globe Theatre last night. And Bert A. Williams, George W. Walker and Miss Ada Overton Walker were particularly popular.

There's a bully plot in "In Dahomey," it causes so little trouble. It may be "In Dahomey," but it isn't in Boston. The plot did start in at the outset—something about a catseye box or casket a man had lost. And the search for it led to Dahomey and Gatorsville, Fla., and Boston. And it was accompanied by so much dancing and singing and specialties that nobody gave a thought to the plot afterward.

The performance was entertaining all through. And the audience, equally divided between white people and colored, liked it immensely.

GOOD VARIETY AT THE HOWARD

Another excellent bill is presented at the Howard Athenaeum this week. A sensation was created by the three Joscarys, a trio of European jugglers, in some hair-raising stunts.

The Empire Comedy Four, a quartet of clever performers, have not been seen at the Old Howard in some time, and they made as big a hit as ever.

Charles Kenna, in the "Fakir," is funny and pathetic by quick turns, and furnished one of the hits of the show. Murphy and Willard dealt in comedy of the most strenuous order and an exceptionally good act is that the William-Gilman trio, two comedians and a soubrette, in a musical skit called "Booking Agent." There were many other good acts on the bill, including the house burlesquers in "Quick Action."

Hollis Street Theatre.

Maxine Elliott began her second and last week in "Her Own Way" at the Hollis last night. The audience was large and manifested its regard for Miss Elliott by frequent applause. "Her Own Way" is a cleverly written play and excellently suits Miss Elliott's personality. Next week Maude Adams comes to the Hollis in a revival of "The Little Minister."

Park Theatre.

Those who have never seen "A Message from Mars" will find their only opportunities for doing so this week, as the engagement of Charles Hawtrey at the Park will conclude on Saturday night. The play is curiously interesting and decidedly amusing, and in no other has Mr. Hawtrey appeared to so good advantage. Next Monday Robert Edeson comes to the Park in "Strongheart."

Castle Square Theatre.

"Romeo and Juliet" was given yesterday by the stock company at the Castle Square Theatre and the presentation reflects decided credit upon those concerned. The play was excellently staged, some of the scenic settings being very handsome, and the performance was remarkably good, when one considers the difficulties under which a company making a weekly change of bill is obliged to labor. Lillian Kemble was a charming Juliet and gave a performance of which much could be said in praise.

Bowdoin Square Theatre.

"Her Only Crime" is the bill at the Bowdoin Square Theatre this week. It was given its first presentation by the stock company yesterday and was warmly received by a large audience. It is a melodrama of the popular type and is filled to the brim with exciting situations and appeals to the sympathy.

"THE CINGALEE" AT THE TREMONT

"The Cingalee," an English musical play in two acts, received its first presentation in Boston last evening at the Tremont. The program tells us that James Tanner is responsible for the book of "The Cingalee"; that the lyrics are by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank; that the music is the work of Lionel Monckton, and that additional numbers are by Paul Rubes—truly a formidable array of talent for a two-act musical play such as "The Cingalee."

The scenes of the play are laid in sunny Ceylon. The plot (and there is a really truly plot) revolves around the love of a rich young English tea planter for a pretty Ceylonese girl, who at the tender age of four years was married to a native Prince. A stolen black pearl of great price, a love affair or two of minor importance, a bevy of handsome girls, gorgeous stage settings for both acts and some pretty musical numbers do the rest.

London long ago set the stamp of its approval on "The Cingalee." No wonder! It is very English—English to its backbone. New York would have none of it. Other cities ratified the London verdict. Now Boston is asked for its opinion of "The Cingalee."

In the light of last night's performance, it may be said that Boston's verdict is favorable. The stage pictures are gems. No prettier settings have been seen in this city this season. The chorus in looks and voice, especially in the looks, is way above the average. The music is bright and tuneful, such as we would expect from the composers of "The Geisha" and "San Toy." It is not catchy. There are few airs in "The Cingalee" that linger in the memory.

The company is all that could be desired. William Norris, who was last seen in Boston in the principal role in "Babes in Toyland," heads the list. He has the part of Chambhuddy Ram, a Bamboo lawyer.

FINE FEATURED BILL AT KEITH'S

To name the worthiest features of the vaudeville programme at Keith's this week would be most difficult, for the number of offerings of rare merit is unusually large. The best known contributor to the long bill of sparkling entertainment is Pauline Hall, and her pleasing repertoire of songs brings out most delightfully the talents that won her the applause of thousands when she reigned as a queen of light opera. Edmund Day, as "Slim" Hoover in his latest playlet, "The Sheriff," shares with Robert Watson and Patrice Winston the honors accorded a little comedy of much merit most cleverly acted. Parker's dogs are one of the most remarkable troupes of canine actors and acrobats ever seen, performing many new and truly wonderful tricks. The serpentine dance by one nimble little animal, with colored light effects, brings down the house.

The six Cuttys, in a musical novelty act, not only produce first class melody from many kinds of instruments, but show exceptional ability vocally.

ATTRACTIVE BILL AT THE EMPIRE

The Empire Theatre was crowded to the doors at both afternoon and evening performances yesterday. Probably the biggest hit of the show is the act of the Hawthorne Sisters, Nellie and Lola, who present their musical idyll, the "Willow Pattern Plate." Leslie Stuart, composer of the famous "Florodora," is responsible for the music, and it compares favorably with any that he has turned out. Both girls acted well and sang in especially fine voice.

Billy Clifford also came in for a big share of the applause meted out to the entire coterie of artists on deck this week. He kept the audience in an uproar from the time he appeared on the stage until he made his final exit. He was extremely funny in his exploitation of the "American chapple" and won many encores.

The act of the Four Bards, who did some marvellous acrobatic stunts, served to keep the audience on edge.

Lyceum Theatre.

The Merry Maidens company began a week's engagement at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday, presenting a bill which gave general satisfaction. The burlesques were entitled "At the French Ball" and "In South Dakota."

Columbia Music Hall.

The Kings and Queens of burlesque appeared yesterday at the Columbia and gave a performance that received plenty of applause. They presented a musical play entitled "The Bashful Venus," with W. B. Watson in the principal comedy role and Jeanette Dupre as the Venus.

Palace Theatre.

Sam Devere, the old-time banjo comedian, and his company are furnishing the entertainment at the Palace Theatre this week. They were heartily welcomed yesterday and gave a pleasing show. The burlesques were "The Dollar Line" and "King of the Harum Scarum Islands."

The Elks' Benefit.

Some of the most important features of the programme for the Elks' benefit Thursday will not be announced until tomorrow, but among those already announced are: Charles Hawtrey and company in a one-act comedy entitled "Time Is Money," a Petite Pop Concert by Teel's Band, a professional basket ball game, Mr. Haviland's one act play from the Bowdoin Square entitled "A Bachelor's Babies," the Four Shannons, juvenile quartette; Billy Single Clifford, Gus Williams, a big novelty act from the Columbia, and an acrobatic act from the Lyceum, and from the Majestic an entire act from "The Filibuster."

CIGARS UNITED

Look for the "United" shield when you buy cigars—it's our symbol and your protection—uniting our interests and yours in every transaction.

We Specialize for this Week

A HAVANA CIGAR FOR 5c.

IN these advertisements we call attention to the cigars that are foremost in building our business—the ones that make and hold the greatest number of friends for our stores.

High up in this list is the PALMA de CUBA cigar, Bouquet Size, at 5 cents. It is not as good as 10 cents or 15 cents will buy, but its quality is quite up to that of Havana Cigars usually sold at three-for-a quarter. TRY IT TO-DAY.

FIVE CENTS EACH $2.50 BOX OF 50

United Cigar Stores Co.

Stores in Principal Cities. 12 Stores in Boston.

MRS. READER SAYS SHE IS OFFERED MILLION AS BRIBE

MRS. READER, IN HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Rebukes Lawyer, She Asserts, Who Seeks to Buy Her Off in the Santo Domingo Matter.

By Boston American Leased Wire.

NEW YORK, March 21.—Startling developments came to-day in the case of Mrs. Ella Rawles Reader, when she asserted that she has just refused an offer of a $1,000,000 bribe to withdraw her opposition to the ratification of the Santo Domingo treaty, supplemented by a dispatch from Birmingham, Ala., to the effect that her first husband committed suicide in Chicago by shooting himself before she became an international figure.

The death of her first husband was at first attributed by the Chicago police to foul play.

have become the fiscal agent of Santo Domingo had not her plans been frustrated by President Roosevelt, says she was offered the bribe by a prominent lawyer, who told her that further opposition would cause her to be crushed.

She was told that wealthy men were being ruined by her opposition and that she had only to say the word to become a millionaire.

With a sharp reprimand, she says, she dismissed the lawyer, refusing the bribe.

First Marriage Unhappy.

A Birmingham candy store clerk named Phillips was the first husband of the young Alabama financial genius, the marriage following a brief courtship.

Soon after the marriage in which Phillips and his bride resided caught fire, and Phillips was rescued from his bed as the roof was falling in.

At the time the police suggested that the house had been set afire and Phillips had been chloroformed.

The marriage proved an unhappy one. The couple moved to Chicago, further difficulties arose, and Mrs. Reader filed a petition in the Cook County Court for a divorce, but before there was a verdict in the case she departed for New York.

Sometime afterwards Phillips was found dead in the private office of his employers, a large Chicago business house. A pistol lay by his side but there was no note to tell why he had killed himself.

The Chicago police were mystified and thought that perhaps the dead man had met with foul play.

Injured Party in Lawsuit.

Every endeavor has been made during the last few days, since Mrs. Reader leaped into fame as a treaty maker, to discredit that young woman's standing in the community. So far, the only tangible thing that can be pointed to is a suit now pending in the United States Circuit Court against her as president of the Cerro de Pascas Tunnel & Mining Company by the Andes Mining Company, and an examination of the papers in the case would indicate that so far she is the injured party.

The company shipped about $10,000 worth of mining machinery, including two smelters, to Lima, Peru, but for some reason the machinery was never installed, but was stored with William R. Grace & Co., in Lima.

Paid $10,000 in Cash.

In 1903 Mrs. Reader negotiated for the purchase of the machinery, and an agreement was finally reached whereby she paid $10,000 in cash, and gave her note for $25,000, secured by preferred stock of the Cerro De Pascas Tunnel and Mining Company.

FRACTURED SKULL FROM KNOCK OUT BY GRIFFO

Special to the Boston American.

PHILADELPHIA, March 21.—As a result of a knockout blow delivered by Young Griffo at the Frankford Athletic Club, Angelo Adas (Pug) Chill received a fractured skull.

The bout had reached the sixth round when Griffo landed on "Pug" and knocked him down. In the fall Pug struck his head on one of the posts of the ring and lay as if dead. Physicians rushed to the ring and found the lad, who is only eighteen years old, unconscious, with blood rushing from his mouth. He was taken to the Frankford Hospital, and at an early hour this morning had not regained consciousness.

The hospital physicians say he is in a critical condition and doubt his recovery.

RUSSELL SAGE IS REPORTED WORSE

NEW YORK, March 21.—It is reported that Russell Sage, who has been ill for some time, has suffered a relapse and was in a serious condition. At his home, No. 632 Fifth avenue, a maid stated that Mr. Sage was improving.

ROGERS, THE OIL MAN, ACCEPTS OFFICE

FAIR HAVEN, March 21.—In order that he may be able to meet the landlord each month, Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil man, has accepted the position of director of street building and cleaning in this town. The appointment is not due to any "pull" which Mr. Rogers had with the Board of Selectmen, but purely a case of where the office sought the man.

With economy Mr. Rogers hopes to save enough to keep him from becoming a burden to the town in his declining years.

Worn Out? Run Down?

I will gladly give you a full dollar's worth of my remedy to test.

Nothing to deposit. Nothing to promise. The dollar bottle is free. Your Druggist, on my order, will hand you a full dollar's worth and send me the bill.

Why do work and worry and excess and strain and over-indulgence break down constitutions and make men and women worn out and run down and restless and sleepless and discouraged and morose? Because they weaken the tiny, tender nerves on which life itself depends.

Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the automatic nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control the digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that worry wears out and work breaks down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

It does no good to take stimulants and narcotics, for theirs, at best, is but a temporary effect which merely postpones the final day of reckoning.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ to deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well. That is the end of all vital troubles. That is the end of sleepless nights and restless days. That is the end of "nervousness," the end of brain fag and fatigue.

If you are worn out, run down and have never tried my remedy, merely write and ask. I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept as gladly as he would accept a dollar. He will hand you from his shelves a standard sized bottle of my prescription, and he will send the bill to me. This offer is made only to strangers to my remedy. Those who have once used the Restorative do not need this evidence. There are no conditions—no requirements. It is open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief. All that I ask you to do is to write—write to-day.

For a free order for a full dollar bottle you must address Dr. Shoop, Box G 538, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases are often cured by a single bottle. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

MOTHER OF HAWLEY WAS BURIED ALIVE

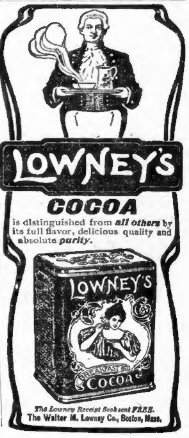
Rescued by Ghouls Who Went to Rob the Grave and Found She Was Not Dead.

NEIGHBORS REVIVED HER

WILMINGTON, N. C., March 22.—The late Senator Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut, was born on the old Stewartsville plantation, near here. Old citizens, who well remember his parents, declare that long before the birth of the child, afterward to rise to distinction, his mother was supposed to have died and was buried.

The story relates that some ghouls sought to rob Mrs. Hawley's grave at night and were engaged in removing a ring from her finger when they discovered that she was not dead. The ghouls are said to have fled in alarm.

According to the story, some neighbors found Mrs. Hawley in the morning still alive. She was removed to her home, where eventually she fully recovered.



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The Lowney Receipt Book sent FREE.
The Walter M. Lowney Co., Boston, Mass.

AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS.

HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!
MAJESTIC THEATRE Eve's at 8. Wed. & Sat. Mat.
THE FILIBUSTER
Samuel E. Rork's Spectacular Musical Merriment With LOUISE GUNNING and a Company of 100—CHEERS OF SHEER DELIGHT From Last Night's Audience
IT WINS A SUCCESS
20 Songs and Every One a Hit—Laughter Continuous
PRETTY GIRLS
The Julep Dance Superb Production
EVERYBODY SAID "IT IS GREAT"

PARK THEATRE
Chas. Frohman, Rich & Harris, Lessees & Mgrs.
LAST 5 NIGHTS AT 8.
CHARLES HAWTREY
—IN—
A MESSAGE FROM MARS
Mats. Wed. and Sat. Prices 1.50, 1.00, 75, 50, 25
GET IN LINE!
Seat Sale To-day
ROBERT EDESON
In the Great Foot Ball Play
STRONGHEART
First Performance Next Monday Night

BOSTON THEATRE
LAWRENCE McCARTY.....Lessee and Mgr.
High-Class Attractions at Fair Prices
25-35-50-75 ALL ORCHESTRA 1.00
LAST 5 DAYS
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
In His Most Successful Play,
TERENCE
MATS. TO-MORROW AND SAT.
Next Week March 27 "SIBERIA"

EMPIRE THEATRE
FORMERLY BOSTON MUSIC HALL
Twice Daily. Every Seat Reserved.
Doors Open 1 and 7 P. M.
"QUALITY" VAUDEVILLE
Sisters Hawthorne | Billy S. Clifford
Grand Opera Trio | Mansfield & Wilbur
The Four Bards | Ray Cox
Miller & Kresko | Welsh & Estes
Drummers' Quartette | Vitagraph
And Other Features

6---Musical Cuttys---6
The Special Feature of the Big Vaudeville Show at Keith's this week. See the list of other Noted Entertainers:
Edmund Day, | Pauline Hall,
Moore & Littlefield, | Kaufmann Troupe,
Howard Brothers, | Ward and Curran,
V. P. Woodward, | W. H. Windom,
Pierce and Maizie, | Fred Brown,
Morton & Diamond, | Ellen Richards,
Parker's Dogs. | Biograph Pictures.
Next Week—Eddie Foy.

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE
Isaac B. Rich, Proprietor and Manager.
Even'gs 8. Matinees Wed. & Sat.
LAST WEEK
C. B. DILLINGHAM Presents
MAXINE ELLIOTT
IN CLYDE FITCH'S FAMOUS PLAY
"HER OWN WAY"
FAREWELL TO BOSTON IN THIS PLAY.
Next Week—MAUDE ADAMS in "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE
Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 8.
HER ONLY CRIME
Any Seat in the House 25c.
NEXT WEEK—"Why Women Sin."

PALMER COX'S
"BROWNIES IN FAIRYLAND"
Children's Theatre, Huntington Chambers
3 MATINEES Thurs., March 23, 4:15 p. m. Fri., March 24, 4:15 p. m. Sat., March 25, 2:30 p. m.
Prices 50, 75, $1. Seats on sale box office Children's Theatre.

LYCEUM | MERRY MAIDENS
Today, 2:15 & 8. Orchestra seat 25c. Tel. 39 Ox.

TREMONT THEATRE
Ev'gs at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2
THE AUGUSTIN DALY MUSICAL CO.
In the New and Original Musical Play
—THE—
CINGALEE
By the Authors of "The Geisha," "San Toy," and "A Country Girl."
WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST
From Daly's Theatre, New York.

COLONIAL THEATRE
Chas. Frohman, Rich & Harris, Lessees & Mgrs.
TONIGHT at 7:45 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2.
Klaw & Erlanger's Colossal Drury Lane Spectacle
HUMPTY DUMPTY
Greatest of All Productions!
Prices 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50.

GLOBE EVENINGS 25-50-75-1.00 WED., SAT. MAT. 25-50-75
WILLIAMS & WALKER
60 Colored Artists In the All New "IN DAHOMEY"
Every Sunday Night Popular 25-50c Concert.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Evenings at 8
MATINEE TODAY
Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat. at 2
JACK WEBSTER, in
AFTER MIDNIGHT
Ev'gs 20c, 30c, 50c, 75c. Mats. 20c, 30c, 50c.
Next Week—"Queen of the White Slaves."

CASTLE SQ. THEATRE Tel. Tre. 5.
Daily—1:45 and 7:45. Prices 15, 25, 35, 50, 75
First Shakesperian Revival of Present Season
Romeo and Juliet
Next Week—CARMEN, (Nethersole Version).

DAILY 25¢ MATS
COLUMBIA
KINGS AND QUEENS OF BURLESQUE.
SMOKING ALLOWED | EVENINGS 10 to 50¢

PALACE
SAM DEVERE'S BURLESQUERS
GRAND SMOKING CONCERTS
Prices—10—20—25.
Telephone 2150 Haymarket.

HOWARD TODAY 1 till 11 P. M.
3 Joscarys, Empire Comedy 4, Chas. Kenna, Murphy and Willard, George and Harrington, Williams-Gillam Trio, and other varietyists. Our corps of 18-karat charmers in the new burlesque, "Quick Action." Fresh verses for "Susie Smithers" and "Mary Wise."

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MARCH 21, 1905.

The Wheat Never Touched by Human Hands

We Shall Have A COOK as Government Officer Some Day. Read and See

Quite a long time ago—two years or more—a dinner was given to newspaper men and others by a great baking company. It is the company which manufactures the "Uneeda" biscuit, about which the majority of the people have heard.

A representative of this newspaper listened to the speeches, looked at the machinery, studied the interesting character of the old-fashioned American citizen, named Green—the chief cook and manager of the biscuit company. This editorial suggested itself at that time. Its writing has been delayed until now.

The interesting things in this world are CONTRASTS. The smallest kangaroo mouse in the world is about the size of your little finger. He is interesting. The great double-horned rhinoceros is interesting, too. But if you saw the smallest kangaroo mouse perched on the rhinoceros's horn, both mouse and rhinoceros would immediately become doubly interesting because of the CONTRAST in their size, shape, disposition and moral temperament.

To appreciate the extraordinary achievement of organization represented in a modern national cooking concern, such as that which makes unlimited millions of boxes of biscuits, it is necessary to contrast that institution, with its enormous machinery, its thousands of wagons, tens of thousands of agents, and so on, with the old cooking plants dug up in Pompeii.

If you go through those little resurrected streets, you see a hollow stone in which the grain was crushed, to be made subsequently into rough bread. You may see the same process now, among the Indians in Mexico—the crushing of the grain by hand and the making of the bread by cooking on stones heated red hot.

Contrast this with the modern method.

And remember, what is most interesting of all, that to-day the biscuit that you eat is made of wheat THAT NO MAN'S HAND HAS EVER TOUCHED.

The old system compelled the man to handle the wheat when he sowed it, when he harvested it, when he put it into bags, and when the flour finally was prepared to be cooked.

To-day you find wheat that for generations has not been touched by a man's hand. In a hundred years from now there will be a hundred generations of wheat that no man ever touched, and practically never saw.

A machine puts the wheat into the ground. Another machine cuts it down, ties it up, threshes it, puts it into bags and ties the bags. Other machinery makes the flour, shapes and packs the biscuits.

From the time it is planted until it is eaten, the biscuit that you hold in your hand has actually never been touched, either as grain or flour or cooked food, by any human being. You pick it up in your fingers, and for the first time a human hand touches it.

Think what an extraordinary development that is! How feeble all the talk about "LABOR SAVING" seems when you realize that that which you actually eat—although it has been handled dozens of times in packing and cooking and grinding and harvesting—has never known the touch of human fingers until you got it.

How much it means to health, to checking the spread of disease, when we know that the food which we eat can be carried through every phase of its industrial progress, including the planting and harvesting, UNTOUCHED BY ANY HUMAN BEING.

What a wonderful solution of the great problem of population is contained in this same fact! Machinery, of which the supply is unlimited, can work twenty-four hours in every day; it can supply bread for untold hundreds of millions of human beings; settle in advance for us the food problem of the population.

The salvation of mankind will come with EMANCIPATION FROM SLAVERY, DRUDGERY, combined with intelligence sufficient to prevent the monopoly of machinery's power by the selfish few.

At the dinner which was spoken of, the man who presided, Mr. A. W. Green, was, in himself, a very interesting illustration of the evolution in industrial methods.

This man, president of the greatest cooking company in the world, is, of course, THE GREATEST COOK IN THE WORLD.

In the handling of wheat he does the work of a Napoleon in the handling and butchering of men. He directs an important element in the feeding of eighty millions of people—and he would be charmed to get the chance to feed eighty or eight hundred millions more—at the same prices.

Our ordinary idea of a cook shows us a fat man, or a fat woman, always worried, perspiring, not knowing very much, with flour on nose and hair—worries innumerable.

Such is the old-fashioned cook.

Mr. A. W. Green, the new-fashioned cook, is very different. He is tall and thin, very thoughtful to look at, a type of the old American citizen. He looks a good deal more like Andrew Jackson than like a cook.

Possibly you will be surprised when this paper predicts that in days to come a man like Mr. Green will be the cook—not for a great manufacturing concern, but for the entire American nation.

Of course that time is a long way off. Industry will be organized and owned for many years by private enterprise.

It will be watched by the people with some concern; it will be fought by this newspaper as often as it shows tendencies to monopoly, in violation of law, or to extortion based on exclusive opportunity.

But in time men are going to get tired of the everlasting pursuit of money. The time will come when the intelligent man, having proved that he CAN make money, having realized that he doesn't enjoy being dressed like a monkey, having tired of yachts and a bank balance, will want to do something REALLY BIG.

The A. W. Green of the future will be a member of the United States Government. He won't care ten cents about profit, but he will care a great deal about a reputation.

He will not rank WITH the Minister of War, or of the Navy, BUT ABOVE BOTH OF THEM.

In time to come the people will care more about the man who guarantees them GOOD WHEAT, good bread, good food for themselves and their children, than about the man who undertakes to kill others in our barbarous wars.

We have developed from the days of the bread kneaded by human feet and hands to the days of the wheat that never touches anything but machinery.

We have come along, changing gradually, from the old individual cook, perspiring and growling in every household, to the neatly dressed, concentrated, intelligent cook that heads a great corporation.

We shall come, in time, to the NATIONAL COOK, the man who will attend for all the people to the transferring of the wheat into bread and into biscuit.

Side by side at the council table of the nation will sit two very important men. One will be the head of education, looking after the BRAINS of the people. The other will be the head of the national cooking enterprises, looking after their STOMACHS.

One will make the people healthy, the other will make them wise.

That's some time off, but it will come.

AREN'T MEN THE WRETCHES?

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1. MRS. SNOOKS—John, dear! All those hall pictures and the library pictures are to be hung. You can hang them just as well as the frame man and it will save all that expense.
MR. SNOOKS (Aside)—Great Scott! And I thought I was going to have an evening of rest with my book and cigar.

2. MRS. SNOOKS—Now wait, John. I'll go get the hammer, nails and wire.
MR. SNOOKS (Aside)—Heavens! I wouldn't hang those pictures for a ten dollar bill. Great grief! I wish I knew a way out of this scrape.

3. MR. SNOOKS—Ah, I have it! I'll let this little, inexpensive picture fall and Clara will be afraid to trust me with the valuable ones.

4. MRS. SNOOKS—Don't worry, dearie. It is only a very inexpensive picture. It is really my fault for asking you to hang the pictures, knowing what a nervous and clumsy man you are. I am only too glad you didn't break one of those costly pictures. There, go back to your book and cigar! I'll have the frame man here to-morrow.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Copyright, 1905, by American-Journal-Examiner

1. MRS. CROWBAR—No, I never have any trouble with men trying to force their attentions on me. I always say that if a man tries to flirt with a woman nine cases out of ten it is her own fault.

2. MRS. HAMMER—I don't suppose you do have any trouble, dear. But still you can hardly say it is a woman's fault for being attractive and good looking.

THE FARMING FOUR HUNDRED

By James Montague

Farming has become fashionable among the smart set at Newport.—News Item.

THE tallyho's become a bore, the tandem's quite gone out;
Fair Fashion frowns on brake and drag and trap and runabout.
Let tradesmen take the motor car—it's grown too vulgar, quite;
Golf long ago waxed commonplace, and polo is but trite.
The newest thing is following the glebe-pursuing plow,
To mow and reap, or shear the sheep—the farm's the fashion now.
Remove the paddock overcoat, cast off drear evening dress;
Consign top hats and scarfs and spats to utter idleness.
The pitchfork's smarter than the stick, the flowing frock that falls
From modelled waist must be replaced by blouse and overalls.
Suspenders twain are wholly vain—a single rope will do
To add that touch of smartness such as must distinguish you.

Let plain plebeian people play roulette or skat or bridge;
We'll milk the cows that calmly browse upon yon grassy ridge,
Or patch with bits of baling wire the raiment that we wear.
That we may gain a modish, plain and truly rural air.
And while we feed the swine we'll heed the all-alluring charm
Of Nature's smile, for it's the style to work the gladsome farm.

No more we'll quote the foolish French, or ape the accent of
The languid lord or dreary duke that we were wont to love;
We'll say "By heck!" and "I do vum!" "B'gosh!" and "Wall, I swan!"
And crops and cows will be the themes that most we talk upon.
Instead of "Aw—howdo, old chap?" with our old weary air,
We'll roar, "Hey, Bill! Yew livin' still? Gol dern ye, put it there!"

Ah! What care we for loitering along the avenue,
Or loafing in an opera box with all the common crew?
And what care we for Newport [illegible], although we must admit
That sometimes they were sparkling with the choicest simian wit!
To mind the stock and glean the shock, and gayly carol "Gee!"
And wear gum boots far better suits bang-up society.

A WORD TO WOMEN

By Caroline

"A Word to the Wise Is Sufficient."

THIS is the day of fads.

The woman who hasn't a fad can only be described as old-fashioned.

Fads are to women what wine is to men. Like all stimulants, they are good only when used in moderation.

That they are used to excess is hardly the fault of the poor, inoffensive fad, but rather of the women who use it.

It is not a meeting now and then that satisfies the club woman; she must have them every day, or her life palls.

The trained nurse must have operations by the dozen, or "the monotony of life is horrible."

The social butterfly must have something doing every waking hour of the twenty-four, or she thinks she is denied her birthright.

And as for the card fiend, her idea of bliss is "bridge" morning, noon and night.

Is it to be wondered that fads flourish or that something new greets us at every turn?

If an amusement is greeted with such enthusiasm and pursued with such ardor, it does not take long to use all the good there is in it.

It seems to make little difference whether it is psychical research, an operation for appendicitis or a parlor game—its arrival is greeted with shouts of joy by hundreds of enthusiasts.

The question is, what is this doing for the women?

Where is it leading, and what is the final outcome of it all?

The least it is doing is making discontented and restless women, yearning for excitement.

It is bringing on that most trying of diseases, nervous prostration.

And its final goal would seem to be an early grave, with some such epitaph as this to mark the spot where the up-to-date woman is at length at rest:

> "Here lies a poor woman who always was busy,
> She lived under pressure that would render one dizzy;
> She belonged to ten clubs, read Browning at sight,
> Knew Tolstoi and Ibsen, would vote if she might.
> She showed at luncheons and teas, was a "Daughter" and a "Dame,"
> But this is not all that spread far her fame;
> Her children went in for top education,
> Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration.
> One day on her pad she found an hour free—
> The shock was too great; she died instantlee."

Little Editorials from the People

PREACHING THE GOSPEL UP TO DATE

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I want to thank you for the editorial, "Why Do Women Marry Men?"

You come perilously near to preaching the Gospel up to date on your back page. I like your general viewpoint immensely. There is more of real human interest in one of your editorials than in a whole week's issue of my morning paper.

My wife, in reply to my question as to what she thought of your article, says "It is very good and quite true. Sincerely yours.

B. H.

IN BUGVILLE

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MR. FLY—I do declare! I believe our Willie is going to be an impressionist.

MR. BEE—Say, Bug! My sting is getting awfully dull. I'll give you a pail of honey if you turn the grindstone.

FLY—Hang it! I wish I wasn't so confounded interesting.

THE GOSSIPS—Why, she must be at least three hours old, and I am sure those feelers are false.

NOW WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?

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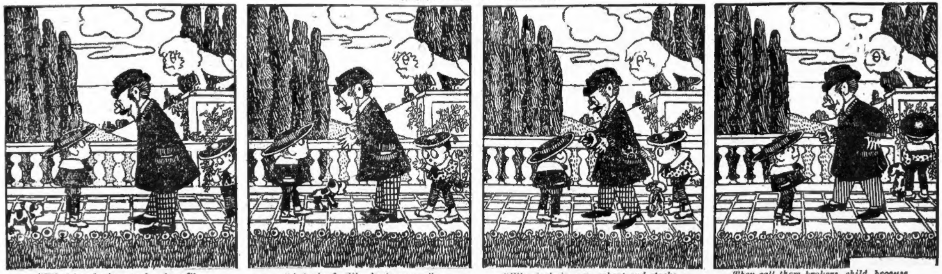

"What is a broker, uncle, please?"
My nephew asked of me.

"A broker? Why he is a man,"
I answered readily,

"Who deals in corn, wheat and stocks
For simple-minded folks.

They call them brokers, child, because
Their customers go broke."